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...e Oliviers, Shaw & Shakespeare

By JOHN MASON BROWN

E. J. Kahn, Jr., author of "The Peculiar War."
(See page 9)

The Perils of Conformity

By CLAUDE M. FUESS

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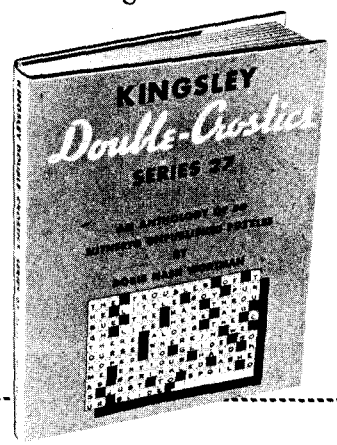

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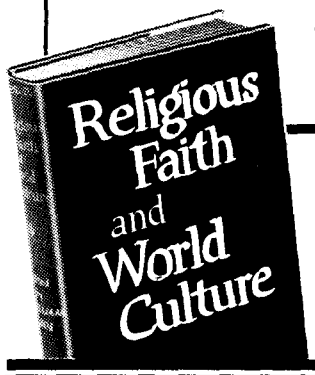

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TRADE Winds

PROFESSOR SAM SUGAR, an advertising expert, possibly harassed beyond endurance by an overexacting client, suddenly ran amok through the pages of an unabridged dictionary recently and came up with a puzzle that should intrigue readers of TRADE WINDS. Buried beneath the fancy-shmancy verbiage of the following sentences are ten time-worn, familiar proverbs. Can you decipher them? If you can spot them all inside of ten minutes, you're by way of being a genius. Hint: try reading them aloud. Usually there is one recognizable key word. For the sluggards, the correct answers are buried near the bottom of this column.

1. A mass of concreted earthy material perennially rotating on its axis will not accumulate an accretion of bryophytic vegetation.
2. A superabundance of talent skilled in the preparation of gastronomic concoctions will impair the quality of a certain potable solution made by immersing a gallinaceous bird in ebullient Adam's ale.
3. Individuals who perforce are constrained to be domiciled in vitreous structures of patent frangibility should on no account employ petrous formations as projectiles.
4. That prudent avis which matutinally deserts the coziness of its abode will ensnare a vermiculate creature.
5. Everything that coruscates with effulgence is not *ipso facto* aurous.
6. Do not dissipate your competence by hebetudinous prodigality lest you subsequently lament an exiguous inadequacy.
7. An addle-pated beetlehead and his specie divaricate with startling prematurity.
8. It can be no other than a maleficent horizontally propelled current of gaseous matter whose portentous advent is not the harbinger of a modicum of beneficence.
9. One should hyperesthetically exercise macrography upon that situs which one will eventually tenant if one propels oneself into the troposphere.
10. Aberration is the hallmark of homo sapiens while longanimous placability and condonation are the indicia of supramundane omniscience.

ADMITTEDLY INFLUENCED BY THE STORY of the little schoolgirl who, when asked to recite the meaning of M.D., D.D., and LL.D., replied "Mairsy Doats, Dosey Doats, and Little Lambsy Divey," Charles Whitehouse, of the Globe Mail Agency, hurriedly compiled his own list of abbreviations of degrees which entitle holders to be hailed as "Doctor." If you can get seven or more right you yourself qualify for a D.A.D.A.M. (Doctor of Academic Degree Abbreviations Mastery.)

1. D.D.S.
2. D.V.M.
3. Ph. D.
4. M.D.S.
5. D.D.
6. D.T.M.
7. LL.D.
8. D.Z.
9. D.O.S.
10. S.T.D.

THIS TALK ABOUT PUZZLES reminds me of a new "shaggy dog" story now making the rounds. It concerns a proud and domineering lion who collared an antelope at the edge of the jungle and demanded, "Who is the king of the animal world?" "You, oh mighty lion," said the antelope hastily. The lion roared his satisfaction and prowled along until he encountered a wise old chimpanzee. "Who is the king of the animal world?" snarled the lion. "You, of course," soothed the chimp. "What monkey doesn't know that?" The lion was a happy beast until he ran into a huge and ill-tempered elephant. Again he demanded, "Who is the king of the animal world?" By way of reply, the elephant promptly wrapped him up in his trunk, whirled him aloft five or six times, and deposited him without further ado in a bramble bush twenty feet away. The bruised lion regained his feet with difficulty and observed plaintively, "Just because you don't

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know the answer, you don't have to lose your temper!"

A YOUNG AUTHOR WAS PICKED UP by the police in a New England town recently and found himself facing a really serious charge in court. "But, Your Honor," he shrilled, "I don't think you understand. I'm a transvestite." The judge, no one to admit there was any word he had never encountered before, snapped, "That's different. Case dismissed." . . . Wonders Joseph Riznik, of the University of California, "When Churchill comes over asking Congress for a huge new loan, do you suppose they'll Pooh-pooh the Winnie?" . . . "One thing may be said of the meetings between Acheson, Eden, Schuman, and Vishinsky," reported Howard K. Smith from Paris. "Mutual ill-will remains completely unimpaired." . . . A Polish journalist, back in Warsaw after a brief journey to Moscow, was asked, "Well, is the Soviet really in such wonderful shape? Does the subway now extend sixty miles? Is every worker living in a new house with radio and air-conditioning? Is there a pile of atom bombs in the Kremlin? Are the farmers all happy and prosperous?" "Yes, yes," agreed the journalist. "All these things I saw with my own eyes." An old graybeard then asked, "And where is your companion Ignace? Why did he not return with you from Moscow?" "Alas," sighed the journalist. "Ignace is in a slave labor camp in Siberia. Unfortunately he did not seem to see all these things!" . . . General Eisenhower has had a new honor bestowed upon him: the freedom of the city of London. According to an ancient statute, this gives him two privileges of inestimable value. First, he cannot be arrested for drunkenness within the city limits. Second, if convicted for murder, he can wear special robes for the hanging.

A REPRESENTATIVE of Harian Publications, Greenlawn, New York, asked a bookseller, "How are you doing with our one-dollar 'Where to Retire on a Small Income'? You know, it tells how a couple can live comfortably on $2,000 a year or less." "That's one book," answered the bookseller grimly, "that I'm studying, not selling." . . . Anna Glantz, of the New York Public Library, writes about a brace of contest-working housewives who approached an assistant with "Can you help us find who performed the first appendix operation?" The librarian went off to the catalogue room, but the enterprising ladies instituted their own search. "Never mind," they told her when she returned. "We've found it ourselves." They triumphantly waved a card reading "Doctor Faustus" and in the descriptive note, "Appendix I, Appendix II." . . . Thyra Samter Winslow, aptly termed "the perennial glamour girl" by her publisher, the Abelard Press, has written a book that fat girls are going to love. It's called "Think Yourself Thin." Thyra herself had to wear herself down to a shadow just to get into the tiny house she bought for herself in Greenwich Village. She named it "Writer's Cramp."

ACCORDING TO LOUIS SOBOL, many authors were very much in the chips at the time of their deaths. He cites as examples "Sinclair Lewis, who left an estate of $280,000; Willa Cather, $400,000; Hugh Walpole, $135,000; and George Bernard Shaw, $1,100,000" . . . Milton Berle's ghost-writer may have read Sobol's squib, because when the comedian allegedly refused to publish her completed epic under his name (as previously agreed) she promptly sued him for a quarter of a million dollars. The judge apparently was not too dismayed by the thought of Uncle Miltie giving up his ghost, because he threw the case out of court. . . . Had His Honor had the authority—and inclination—to throw after it most of those phony ghost-written "autobiographies" of stage personalities that have been cluttering up the lists in recent seasons, he'd have rated a rising vote of thanks from many a reader and bookseller. . . . Here are the ten proverbs disguised so elaborately in Paragraph One: 1. A rolling stone gathers no moss. 2. Too many cooks spoil the broth. 3. People who live in glass houses shouldn't throw stones. 4. The early bird catches the worm. 5. All that glitters is not gold. 6. Waste not, want not. 7. A fool and his money are soon parted. 8. It's an ill wind that blows no good. 9. Look before you leap. 10. To err is human, to forgive divine. . . . The good doctors? 1. Doctor of Dental Surgery. 2. Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. 3. Doctor of Philosophy. 4. Master of Dental Surgery. 5. Doctor of Divinity. 6. Doctor of Tropical Medicine. 7. Doctor of Laws. 8. Doctor of Zoology. 9. Doctor of Optical Science. 10. Doctor of Sacred Theology.

TWO ATTRACTIVE YOUNG EMPLOYEES of a dashing midtown book publisher were discussing his merits. "He's so good looking," enthused one, "and he dresses so well!" The other amended happily, "So quickly, too!"

—BENNETT CERF.

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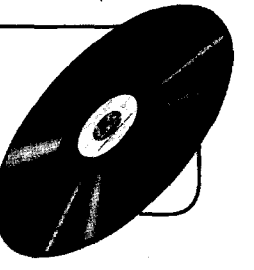

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Notes on Three Books

Sybil

by
Louis Auchincloss

This is a novel of a woman at odds intellectually with her environment, silent in a circle that polished its clichés with a little wit, shy in a setting that diminished her rather special beauty. Louis Auchincloss, author of *The Injustice Collectors,* writes of the concentric circles of New York society — of a latter-day Brahmin world exactly defined and neatly circumscribed. And he has created in *Sybil* a woman so well worth the knowing that the story of her marriage becomes an intensely absorbing experience for the reader.
$3.00

The Proper Bohemians

by Edith Templeton

A new writer, a new scene and a most engaging comedy of manners that holds a hint of mystery and malice in its disenchanted look at life in a baroque castle. First published in England, the critics hailed it as *"a masterly performance — civilised, felicitous and very funny."*
Michael Sadleir in the Sunday Times
"A very unusual novel to find today . . . a rare delight."
Marghanita Laski in the Observer
$2.75

The Pattern of Responsibility

From the Record of
Dean Acheson

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With an introduction by
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Walter Millis in the New York Herald Tribune
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War. *When historians of the future come to write of our age they may well see the wars of the present century—World War I, World War II, and now the Korean Incident—as parts of a single global struggle, just as we now speak of the Hundred Years War and the Thirty Years War to describe series of European conflicts. Whatever the war we are now engaged in is ultimately called, all the books reviewed below deal with it. "The Peculiar War," by E. J. Kahn, Jr., is a slender, highly personal report that gives a far clearer notion of what is going on in Korea than other volumes far more pretentious. The camera and the artist's crayon catch the look of the front lines in "The Face of War," by the Jones brothers, and "Bill Mauldin's Army." Naval conflict as seen from the highest echelon is described frankly in "A Sailor's Odyssey," the autobiography of Viscount Cunningham, who headed the British Navy in World War II after a half century of service.*

With the Armies in Korea

THE PECULIAR WAR. By E. J. Kahn, Jr. New York: Random House. 211 pp. $2.75.

By S. L. A. MARSHALL

E. J. KAHN, JR., who has been a soldier and knows enough of the technique of armies to write expertly of operations, has done a peculiar book on this peculiar war, and maybe that's what makes it something especially good.

This slender volume should still be worthwhile reading many years hence to anyone who loves a well told tale and admires the patience with which a skilled reporter sets about organizing facts so that they will at one time inform and entertain.

But the book is peculiar because, strictly speaking, it isn't a book. Rather, it is a collection of monographs or essays, on a great variety of topics, some only indirectly related to the Korean fighting and the ordeal of the Korean nation.

There is no central theme. Kahn isn't interested in explaining the war, analyzing operations, or airing his views on policy. Nor does he take the other tack, writing of a personal experience in that breathless "I saw it with my own eyes" manner which curses the work of a majority of present-day correspondents.

This reviewer got the impression that Kahn went to Korea with one main object—to pick up a good yarn wherever he could find it, and write it for its own sake. That would seem like a common sense rule for anyone who is taking a look at war, or for that matter, any other activity with an almost unlimited horizon. But to practise it in this day is, well—peculiar.

None the less, in its total effect this small book achieves body, flavor, and zip, as a beer maker might put it. Without seeking to inform the reader, or seeming to strive for unity in his work as a whole, Kahn's thoughts, experiences, and impressions somehow comprise a pretty fair roundup of the war's problems and undertones. He writes easily, but his use of language is precise, and he never gets off-key when he is speaking of soldiers, their habits, outlook, group character, and conversation. The pre-eminent value in the book, however, is that it has accented so many things of major importance which other writing men in the Theatre have failed to convey to our people.

For example, there is an effective chapter on the nature and organization of the ROK Army and of the work of the American mission (KMAG) assisting it. Because the Korean divisions seem to fold every time the Communists loose a Sunday punch, and because American high commanders tend to speak disparagingly of the Korean individual as a fighter, there is much short selling on this subject. Kahn visited the eastern flank, which is exclusively an ROK sector except for offshore support from the American Navy, and discovered for himself that these divisions lack artillery and heavy weapons, and are pretty much un-

S. L. A. Marshall has covered the Korean front for the Detroit News. *During World War II, Colonel Marshall was European theatre historian for the War Department.*

THE AUTHOR: E. J. Kahn, Jr., is a pleasant young man, with reddish brown hair (blond in his boyhood) and eyes maybe blue, maybe gray, though his driver's license asserts them green. He readily agrees that he is happy and lucky, at the moment disturbed (aside from the state of the world) by only two matters. One: he anxiously hopes no one will think *he* thinks himself an expert on the Korean war—"I was just a transient." Two: the usually pleasant household at Scarborough, N. Y., consisting of Mrs. K., E. J. III (4½), Joseph P. (3), a Labrador Retriever, a cat, is gripped by an emergency—*viz.*, a litter of seven kittens "of no pedigree whatsoever." We promised we'd see what we could do about the latter anxiety; anyone applying for a kitten will be considered a pearl beyond price (adv.). As for his luck—he describes it as phenomenal in the case of his job. Probably a large share of young writers would agree with him, for E. J. (named for his father, Ely Jacques Kahn, famous N. Y. architect) joined the staff of *The New Yorker* four days after graduation from Harvard in 1937, himself the most surprised. He'd never planned on being a writer, but senior year a short story written for a class was bought by *Coronet*, and then he "happened to" send a personal reminiscence piece to *The New Yorker;* an editor wrote back, "How about coming to talk about a job?" So there he was and has been ever since except for four years of war (he was drafted in 1941 and finished up as chief warrant officer in 1945). He's a native New Yorker, went to Horace Mann, where he edited the school paper. He's had six books published, four of them collections of his *New Yorker* articles; the present book is also a collection with about 20 per cent new material. He turned out one article a week in Korea and was amazed at how fast he could work under pressure. He's even lucky in that he can't forget the birthday of his wife or wedding anniversary—the former being Christmas, the latter Valentine's Day. "But she reminds me, anyway." Right now, like his fellow staff members, he is missing Harold Ross; he says that he has experienced only one other similar sense of personal loss—when FDR died. —KATHLEEN SPROUL.

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helped. Our men, in their situation, would hardly do better.

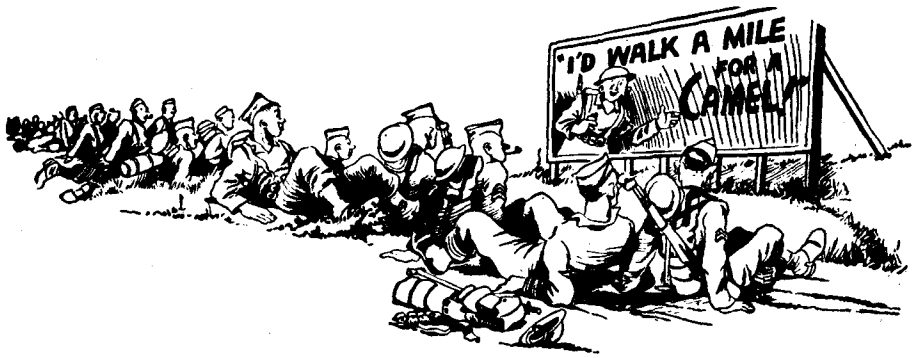
There is also a splendid chapter on the felicitous relationships between the Allied forces within the Eighth Army—so far as I can recall, the first time that any correspondent has pointed out that the United Nations components get along better, both on an official and man-to-man basis, than any coalition force has ever done in war. That is simply the fact, and it is really too bad that so little attention has been directed toward it.

Kahn spent but three months in Korea, as a correspondent for *The New Yorker*. Whether his choice of assignments was his own or his editor's he seems to have spent most of that time rummaging around in the backwash of the war, trying to find out how millions of Koreans manage to live with most of their country shot out from under them, what happens to a great city like Seoul when it becomes depopulated and repopulated several times in the course of one year, what an average Korean farmer thinks about Communism and democracy, how the U.N. agencies function, why the level of health in Korea remains high, and whether it is true that CCF prisoners are artists at converting American beer cans into something beautiful.

There are several character studies in this volume done to the hilt. Kahn leaves the celebrities—the great names—to other hands. He picks out average good men and then writes about them in such a way as to prove the point that any life is a great story if one will but dig deep. The two subjects he chose are Capt. Fredric F. Champlin, a P-80 pilot, and Sergeant First Class Joseph P. Reeves, a typical fighter from the 27th Infantry Regiment.

Only two chapters are given to front-line operations, and it is quite likely that the first of these, with which the book opens, will be appreciated more by soldiers than by laymen. It is strangely devoid of blood and thunder. Kahn accompanied a task force. Much weight in armor rolled forward, accompanied by many men. The enemy was more or less located. At long range there was considerable pot-shooting back and forth. Nobody was hurt very much. In due course all hands withdrew. Nobody seemed certain what was attempted or exactly what had happened. At higher levels the several interpretations were 180 degrees apart. Kahn tells all of this from the view of one witness, in the way that a private soldier might have looked at the action. Many an ex-private soldier, and some of higher rank, will read this account and comment: "A typical day at the front."

This can be contrasted with the epic of the destruction of the "Gloster" Battalion from the British 29th Brigade in the fight north of Seoul last April.



—From "Bill Mauldin's Army."

About two score of the Glosters finally escaped the trap because of the enterprise of an attached officer who decided to lead them north through enemy country before heading toward his own lines; the others died or were captured in the cause of King and country. Their four-day trial by fire is described from the viewpoint of the survivors. There are few finer stories of British courage in print than this one, and it is told with the restraint and respect which the facts command, and with proper emphasis on that greatly steadying force in a British soldiery—the Regiment's tradition.

Kahn's droll sense of humor has thus far gone unmentioned, but it is his ability to see the whimsy and tomfoolery in war which makes his work delightful. Remarque, Blunden, Latzko, and many others wrote of it in a dull monotone, which is contrary to nature, and it has always seemed odd to me that the critics overlooked these distortions. How much preferable is a passage such as this one: "One grimy GI was told the news [of the peace talks] as he came in off a patrol, and asked if he planned to celebrate. 'If I get some beer, I'll celebrate,' he said. 'I always find something to celebrate when I get beer.' "

This is by way of saying that having read Kahn on Korea, I found that the situation called for a cold bottle.

Records of War

BILL MAULDIN'S ARMY. New York: William Sloane Assoc. 383 pp. $5.

THE FACE OF WAR. By Charles and Eugene Jones. New York: Prentice-Hall. 166 pp. $5.

By JOHN WINTERICH

A CARTOON has a timelessness that a photograph can rarely match. The externals of costume, furniture, draperies, fixtures, and, in the instance of men at arms, equipment (and equipment outmodes quicker than hair-dos) catch and hold the eye in a photograph; we laugh more immoderately at a group made in the Seventies and Eighties than we do at a Nast broadside or a Du Maurier drawing-room comic in *Punch*.

Several of the 439 cartoons assembled in "Bill Mauldin's Army" go back to mid-1940. That was an eternity ago. Mauldin asks his readers, or spectators, not to mind an occasional "old-fashioned flat helmet or a Springfield rifle." He needn't worry — they won't. These accoutrements tie 1940 to 1918 as indissolubly as the tag in a man's suit ties Hart to Schaffner and Marx. They throw 1940 back to the cartoons of A. A. Wallgren in the original *Stars and Stripes*, and Wally's thirty-three-year-old portrayals of doughboy predicaments hold up far better as portrayals of what it was like, and what the men in it were like, than do the rather odd-looking photographs of that first of wars in which the camera gave the typewriter really tough competition.

Mauldin's broad and sweeping irony —a very literal, factual, pungent irony —simply proves that *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*. That is the main reason why the cartoon has the edge on the photograph. The little toe may be heading for extinction, but in all other departments homo sapiens seems to be pretty much what he always was. Certainly there has been no alteration to speak of in the embattled farmer, except that today he is more likely to be the embattled motor-mechanic.

Mauldin had the wit and the wits to catch the universal soldier as he was (that is, as he *always* was), and this combination has made his contribution to history permanent, so far as permanence can be judged in a world to which that attribute seems no longer to apply. The Second World War was Mauldin's first. He may have thought, at the time, that everything was new — that the phenomena of mud, crowded transport, the officer-soldier nexus, a womanless world, an

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alcoholic world, MP's, profiteering, public delirium, public ingratitude had never before been elements in human experience. If he did think so, no harm has been done. Quite the contrary. Bill Mauldin's contemporaries suffered the same indignities as their predecessors suffered before Troy, and as their successors were to suffer before Taejon.

The Jones brothers, Charles and Eugene (they are twins), also served in Mauldin's war, but in another part of it. Lately, as NBC cameramen, they have been taking pictures in Korea—good ones, and with the accent on faces. For this reason the Joneses haven't anything to worry about in the way of equipment either. In "The Face of War" they have fitted their pictures to a graphic text that has the staccato effect of rifle fire when they are concerned with moments in which rifles were really firing, and which drops into a longer-cadenced, sturdy route-step prose when the foot soldier is using his feet to get to some place where he will have to use his rifle again. This book, happily, is not all-American; the Joneses have room for the Australians and for the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. There is as little fine and sharp delineation in the Jones brothers' photographs as there is in infantry action, which is all to the good. The effect is as if the scenes portrayed were really going on at the instant the pictures were made.

The Joneses don't begin precisely where Mauldin left off, but the effect is something like that. Nineteen hundred and forty to 1951—rather an active period, take it altogether, and that's the only way to take it.

Land, Sea & Air Campaigns

A SAILOR'S ODYSSEY: The Autobiography of Admiral of the Fleet Viscount Cunningham of Hyndhope. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 715 pp. $7.50.

By WILLIAM D. PULESTON

THIS autobiography of Viscount Cunningham also furnishes an authoritative account of land, sea, and air campaigns in and around the basin of the Mediterranean during World War II. Its author, a Scotsman, son of Professor and Mrs. J. F. Cunningham, was born in Ireland in 1883. Entering the Navy at fourteen he served under such outstanding admirals as DeRobeck, Weymss, Keyes, Tyrwhitt, W. W. Fisher, Backhouse, and Dudley Pound, and gained their professional esteem by his merits.

In 1908 he had his first command, a torpedo boat. The next eleven years he spent in torpedo craft. During World War I, after distinguished service at the Dardanelles, he escorted Allied merchantment and attacked U-boats in the Mediterranean, returning to England in 1918 to serve in the Dover Patrol. His war record justified his promotion to captain in 1920 at the age of thirty-seven. Spending thirteen years in the captain's grade, in 1929 he left his cherished destroyers long enough to command the *Rodney* and to marry Nona Byatt.

A rear admiral in 1932, he returned to command the destroyers of the Mediterranean Fleet in 1934; in 1936, a vice admiral; in 1937, second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet under Admiral Pound. After a brief tour in the Admiralty in 1938 he was back in the Mediterranean in May 1939, where he served as commander-in-chief until May 1942. Already familiar with the political and strategic situation, he found his first year uneventful. Italy remained neutral. Anglo-French fleets controlled the sea. During his second two years he confronted one crisis after another.

His most disagreeable duty was the internment of the French squadron serving under him at Alexandria in July 1940. His carefully planned and boldly executed air attack on the Italian fleet at Taranto, November 11, disabled one, and sank two, enemy battleships. This veteran destroyer officer probably enjoyed more the night action off Matapan on March 28, 1941, when his fleet sank three enemy cruisers and one destroyer almost under his nose. His brief taste of victory was followed by the evacuation of Greece and Crete in April, May, and June, during which time his ships, with little or no air cover, rescued defeated armies. His fleet was reduced to the vanishing point when six Italian "human torpedoes" sank his flagship

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Captain William D. Puleston, U. S. Navy, Retired, is the author of "The Life and Work of Captain Thayer Mahan, U.S.N.," and "The Influence of Sea Power in World War II."

—From "The Face of War."

". . . as if the scenes portrayed were really going on at the instant the pictures were made."

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Queen Elizabeth and the *Valiant* in Alexandria harbor on December 19, 1941.

Ordered by the Admiralty to replenish Malta's supplies in March 1942, he gave command of his few remaining combat ships to Rear Admiral Vian with orders to escort four merchantmen to Malta. Vian beat off an attack by a superior Italian force, but one merchantman was sunk en route, another while entering Malta, two others remaining for a few days after arrival. The remnants of Cunningham's fleet were practically destroyed, but he had saved Malta, halted Rommel at Alamein, and delayed Hitler's attack on Russia.

Soon after reaching Washington in June 1942 to serve with the Combined Chiefs of Staff, Admiral Cunningham requested the loan of four or five American submarines. Urgent needs in the Pacific compelled Admiral King to refuse. Thereafter Cunningham disfigures his otherwise excellent book with churlish criticism of King, while heaping praise on Marshall, Somervell, Stark, and other American officers who aparently were more responsive to his wishes. Very fittingly Cunningham's last sea duty was in the Mediterranean as commander-in-chief of Allied Naval Forces under General Eisenhower. After successfully landing Anglo-American armies he was summoned to London to be First Sea Lord; there he completed a half century of very distinguished service to his Empire.

With the R.A.F.

THE BIG SHOW. By Pierre Clostermann. New York: Random House. 242 pp. $3.

By Edmund Fuller

AFTER the fall of France, fighter pilots of the Free French flew with the R.A.F. until the end of what Mr. Clostermann calls "the big show." The author was one of that dedicated group, and gives us here a detailed account of his combat experiences, in a variety of missions as pilot of several types of fighting planes, notably the Spitfire and the Tempest.

His wartime record includes some 420 operational sorties, in which he bagged a minimum of twenty-three enemy planes. In the latter part of his war career he was a commander of a flight wing. It adds interest to note that since the war he has served in French political life as Parliamentary Deputy for Strasbourg.

His chronicle is based on his war-

(*Continued on page 32*)

Fiction. *Although in this generation more people are trying their hand at the short story than any other literary form, the majority of American readers regard the fruits of their labors with lamentable indifference. For the average published volume of short stories exhibits a higher quality of craftsmanship than does the average published novel. Readers who have not yet formed a habit of reading short stories could find no better introduction than the two new volumes reviewed below: Martha Foley's anthology drawn from her annual anthology, "The Best of the Best Short Stories" and John Lehmann's "Best Stories from* New Writing." *Other volumes reviewed this week are competent if not exceptional novels. Fans of Herman Wouk's "Caine Mutiny" will enjoy comparing it with Wirt Williams's "The Enemy" (page 14). Feike Feikema brings his giant-sized trilogy about a singular giant from the Midwest to a close in "The Giant" (page 14).*

Anthology of Major Writers

THE BEST OF THE BEST SHORT STORIES 1915-1950. *Edited by Martha Foley. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 369 pp. $3.75.*

By William Peden

THE historians of American literature of the last half century have tended to minimize the significance of the short-story writers of this period. Theirs is a major achievement, remarkable in its vigor and variety, noteworthy both in quantity and quality. The three decades between Sherwood Anderson's "Winesburg, Ohio" (1919) and, say, Eudora Welty's "The Golden Apples" (1949) produced such diverse and accomplished short-story writers as William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway, John Steinbeck and William March, Wilbur Daniel Steele and Ring Lardner, William Saroyan and Irwin Shaw, Nelson Algren and Jesse Stuart, Dorothy Canfield and Willa Cather, Katherine Anne Porter and Eudora Welty. This is an impressive group, and it is not impossible that later critics will find in their short stories, rather than in the novel or the drama or poetry, the major work of the last thirty-five years.

From the files of the annual volumes of "best" American short stories inaugurated in 1915 by the late Edward J. O'Brien, Martha Foley has selected twenty-five stories by twenty-five authors. Several of these, like Anderson's "I'm a Fool" or Lardner's "Haircut" or Steele's "How Beautiful with Shoes," have become "classic" anthology pieces. Others, such as Walter Van Tilburg Clark's "The Wind and the Snow of Winter" or Miss Welty's "A Curtain of Green," appear to have the same destiny. Miss Foley also includes work from lesser known but extremely gifted writers like Warren Beck, J. F. Powers, and Peter Taylor. "The Best of the Best American Short Stories" is, in short, a collection of some very, very good stories. As such, it is a welcome anthology which readers not over-familiar with the major writers of the period will find both a pleasure and a surprise.

As a trustworthy reflection of the recent American short-story writers' achievements, however, the volume is far from satisfactory. Quite apart from matters of personal taste, individual prejudices, or preferences, I fail to see how any editor can justify an anthology supposedly representing the *best* in American short fiction since 1915 which fails to include a single story from Katherine Anne Porter, John Steinbeck, Willa Cather, Scott Fitzgerald, William March, Robert Penn Warren, and Caroline Gordon. In the words of Sherwood Anderson's protagonist in "I'm a Fool" this omission just doesn't make sense. It just doesn't make sense, and it weakens immeasurably what might have been a distinguished anthology.

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George Orwell, Rosamond Lehmann, Christopher Isherwood, V. S. Pritchett, Elizabeth Bowen, Alec Guinness—". . . quiet charm, delicate perception, and solid craftsmanship."

By British Craftsmen

BEST STORIES FROM NEW WRITING. *Edited by John Lehmann. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co.* 352 *pp.* $3.50.

By Edward J. Fitzgerald

THE British magazine *New Writing* suspended publication last year. This was a real loss, and it is to be hoped that shortage of paper and not of support forced the unhappy decision. For in *New Writing*'s pages appeared some of the most distinguished prose and poetry that British craftsmen were producing over the last fifteen years. Now Mr. Lehmann, its editor, has collected twenty-four of the magazine's short stories, the "best" he calls them, and I doubt that anyone will quarrel with his judgment.

A number of the stories have already made the transatlantic journey into American collections and anthologies. Thus, you will probably recognize—and welcome—Rosamond Lehmann's gently ironic picture of a vanishing way of life, "The Red-Haired Miss Daintreys," Christopher Isherwood's deftly etched view of Berlin moving toward the shadows of Hitlerism, Elizabeth Bowen's haunting "Mysterious Kor," and George Orwell's disturbing "Shooting an Elephant." But perhaps you missed Graham Greene's shaft at wartime bureaucracy "Men at Work," V. S. Pritchett's wonderful "The Sailor," or James Stern's "Next Door to Death."

They are all here, not all equally wonderful but all on the high level of achievement that confirms Mr. Lehmann's excellent editorial judgment. My favorite, were I forced to choose, would probably be Julia Strachey's "Pioneer City," which nips with sharp wit at the pretensions of "progressive" education, yet manages to make its picture of a lonely little girl touching and unforgettable. Still I wouldn't want to overlook the lusty humor of Sid Chaplin's "The Pigeon Cree" or "Money for Jam" in which Alec Guinness shows himself as masterful a writer as he is an actor.

But this attempting to choose the best from among these "best" is a futile task. If you like the quiet charm, delicate perception, and solid craftsmanship which characterizes British short-story writing at its best, you'll like this volume—almost all of it. And you'll thank Mr. Lehmann for making so much of it available, first in his magazine and now in this admirable collection.

The Young & the Old

A SEASON IN ENGLAND. By P. H. Newby. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 304 *pp.* $3.

By Walter Havighurst

IN THE summer of 1945 Tom Passmore, lecturer in an Egyptian university, returned to England for the first time in five years. He would have preferred to spend his holiday in the Lebanon, or Cyprus, or even in Alexandria, but he had a mission. It was his duty to visit the parents of a colleague who had died in Egypt of typhoid, and to tell them that their son had married an exotic Greek girl. Guy Nash had kept his marriage secret, and now his friend was obliged to take that information to England. The mission was made more difficult by Passmore's infatuation with his colleague's widow.

Tom Passmore had no ties of his own in England, and he felt no quickening of heart on his return to the "cheerless little island." The green, lush countryside seemed soft and unsatisfying after the tawny Egyptian rock. When he arrived at the Nash country home in the Chilterns he found his friend's parents unexpectedly old and curiously remote. They were formal, rigid, yet possessive. So he realized that his friend, an only child, had fled from parental solicitude and authority.

But it was not as simple as that. After a few days in the Nash household Passmore found there what his own life had lacked—home, dignity, a sense of continuity with the past. He came to understand the parents' claim on their son, and he began to take that son's place in the family. Then the provocative Renee arrived.

This is a kind of situation which British novelists create with inexhaustible relish and ingenuity. It results in a neat, manageable novel, laid in the pleasant setting of a country place, with the older generation standing ground against the restless younger people, and the housekeeper and gardener playing minor roles.

In this case Tom Passmore goes through a sequence of bewilderments before he discovers the role that he must play. Yet for all his groping the novel never achieves pressure or intensity. The Greek girl offers various points of contrast with the British character, usually to her advantage. She keeps Passmore guessing, and sometimes she seems to keep herself guessing too. In one of her candid moments she tells Passmore, "You're slow—and a little dull." And so is this season in England.

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World Wanderer

THE GIANT. By Feike Feikema. New York: Doubleday & Co. 429 pp. $3.95.

By Harrison Smith

THE followers of Feike Feikema's massive trilogy, "World's Wanderer," are now confronted with its final volume, "The Giant," a two-hundred-thousand-word novel to which he has added for good measure a prefatory "Interlude," a "Postlude," and a "Postscript." It was obvious from the first volume that the author believed that he was destined to create an American saga of the first magnitude, a narrative which would carry his outsize Thurs Wraldson from his youth to his death. He created Thurs in his own image, for Mr. Feikema comes from a family of giant Frisians, Hollanders who settled in Sioux country of Northwest Iowa and Michigan; he, himself, is six feet nine, and his brothers are almost as tall. This sense of largeness, of excessive strength and virility, fills these novels and gives them often the quality of grotesqueness which we associate with people who differ strikingly in bulk from the rest of the human race, especially when they leave the open range in which they appear to be natural phenomena.

With the completion of "The Giant" we know all there is to know about Thurs Wraldson as a young American giant who wandered, not over the world, but only from the Sioux country to New York and back again. Now it is possible to visualize him and his adventures and to place Mr. Feikema's trilogy in relation to other novels. Thurs was a mild young giant who suffered the pangs of adolescence, fell hopelessly in love in the first volume, "The Primitive," with a tiny girl named Hero Bernlef, and found a few friends in college where he discovered that his urge for writing was overwhelmed by his love for music. He always seems to be groping blindly to find some unity in his nature. The second volume, "The Brother," took him to New York and to a psychiatrist who might achieve the assembling of all his parts into a satisfactory whole. Thurs is at once capable of speaking lucidly and eloquently on every kind of intellectual problem and at the same time bursting into bucolic humor. He says "Yup" and "Wull," and his favorite exclamation of astonishment is "Stones."

"The Giant" is the best of the three volumes, though it reveals all of the author's idiosyncrasies and his bewilderment at the astonishing brainchild he has conceived. He mingles burlesque and satire with portentous paragraphs in which Thurs's yearning for comprehension of the abstruse is mingled with a confusing elaboration of detail. Certainly, it can stand by itself as a picaresque novel. It begins on a highway outside New York with Thurs thumbing his way back to the West. By an odd coincidence his own psychiatrist picks him up on his way to visit two women, either one of whom he is determined to marry. Outside of Chicago he is picked up by a nuclear physicist and statistician who is determined to start a new kind of statistical poll and sell it to Wisconsin newspapers. Thurs and a morally twisted young man are united in this strange enterprise. He meets the girls he might have married and falls in love with Eve Nordling, a university librarian. In the meantime he has found his father, whose identity he had never known. On his deathbed the old man tells him to go back to his homeland and return to his first love, music. "Son," he said, "with the forty years you still have ahead of you, you need but control your power and you can still become one of the noble composers." His final words are "Will you promise to cremate me tomorrow?"

Wirt Williams—"considerable perception."

This portentous meeting brings Thurs satisfaction for the first time in his life. He marries his librarian and resolves his own complexes and his wife's fear of mating with him in triumphant love making. Then he creates music in the lonely house he has built for them overlooking the mountains. His symphony is accepted, and he is confident of becoming one of the immortals when he is killed in the automobile that is taking his pregnant wife to the hospital. And so ends the saga of Thurs Wraldson, giant and world wanderer. There will never be anything quite like it again.

Ward-Room Story

THE ENEMY. By Wirt Williams. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 314 pp. $3.

By Fletcher Pratt

TECHNICALLY "The Enemy" is the story of the disintegration of a business big shot, who might have been a younger George F. Babbitt, under the pressure of war in the Atlantic. As such it is a reasonably good job, but only reasonably good. Crandall is the perfect picture of a presumptuous heel, and the steps along his downward path are outlined with precision and considerable perception of just what makes such a person tick. The surrounding cast is also pretty well worked out, although Mr. Williams has adopted a first-person form that does not allow him much differentiation of characters. But except for the crisis in Crandall's life and the fate-like build-up toward it, there is practically no thematic material in a strictly fictive sense, a fact which will make the obvious comparison of this book with "The Caine Mutiny" wholly impertinent. The fact is that character, even the character of Crandall, is far less important to the book than the scenes and events surrounding the people of the story. That is, it is far less a novel than a piece of reporting in fictive form.

As such it commands no little respect. All the story except one little shore interlude at Casablanca takes place aboard an old four-piper destroyer attached to an escort carrier as part of a hunter-killer anti-submarine unit. It is a ward-room story; the members of the crew appear as they do to inhabitants of officers'-country, a few individuals standing out, the remainder as faceless men in dungarees. But within these limits "The Enemy" is quite an extraordinary production. The picture of life aboard a destroyer, of the constant nerve strain, of incidents small and great, of minor heroisms, heartbreaks, and humors, is not only of a high degree of accuracy; it is something more important in a literary sense—credible; but something even more than that—interesting—even to readers who have never seen water in anything bigger than a bathtub.

Fiction Notes

THE GRAND CREVASSE. By R. Frison-Roche. Translated by Janet Adams Smith. Prentice-Hall. $3. Give Frison-Roche a few thousand meters of elevation in the French Alps (the Cham-

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onix section), some coils of line, an ice ax, a guide, a girl, and fluctuations in the weather—and he has all the materials necessary for a novel of constant excitement. Climbing, to this author, as in last year's translation of his novel "First on the Rope," is a legitimate and important experience in itself. The task of reaching the top has no symbolic implications, like those which have interested James Ramsey Ullman and the team of Auden-Isherwood; here, mountaineering itself is a perfectly complete subject and theme. Glaciers, avalanches, seracs, couloirs, and southwinds have all the importance to Frison-Roche that money, prestige, and mental endowments have in our society at sea level.

In the technical details of each ascent Frison-Roche achieves a mastery all his own. He brings to his climbs, like the magnificent one of Mont Blanc, a flawless accuracy. Each scene he describes exists, and exists precisely as he describes it. Unfortunately, however, the author draws upon too slender a fund of drama. The basic conflict is between the guide Zian and his city-bred wife Brigitte, whose early enthusiasm for the mountains is replaced by the anxieties natural to an ever-more-married woman.

—CHARLES SPIELBERGER.

SWING SHIFT. By Margaret Graham. Citadel Press. $3. This is a disheartening and dreary first novel about the growing pains of American railroad unions in the past fifty years. Edmond McCaffrey, son of a Scotch coal miner, takes up with the railroads before his first shave, and he is still at it as a stout union organizer when the book closes, too many pages later. In between, Mac — as he is called throughout the story — gets started as a dispatcher, working his way through the then rough railroad systems of North Dakota and Montana. By 1922 strong interest in the advancing union movements and pure wanderlust take him to Russia with a large group of Americans to help the Soviet Union get on its industrial feet. After he has taught the commissars a thing or two about dispatching trains he returns to America, goes to Tampa, Florida, and helps the cigar workers to unionize.

Miss Graham's story might have made exciting reading, but she does not know how to write fiction. Her narrative line balks again and again at the insuperable load of facts and figures it is asked to carry. Such incidentals as dialogue and plain descriptive prose are handled in good sixth-grader style. Mac, a kind of composite of the world's workers, never comes to life, neither do any of his comrades, and so neither does the book.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

The American Past.

Until the publication half a dozen years ago of Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s "The Age of Jackson," the average American's ignorance of what had happened in his native land during the expansive years between the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson and the outbreak of the Civil War was exceeded only by his indifference. The publication of Schlesinger's volume, which has helped change all that, came as part of a movement by historians to reinterpret this so-called "middle period" of our national history. Two political figures who cast long shadows across that era at last have thorough, objective, and scholarly biographies: Charles M. Wiltse's "John C. Calhoun" (page 16) and Holman Hamilton's "Zachary Taylor" (page 17) are both final links in extended studies. The heirs of Jefferson in the young nation are portrayed with knowledge, wit, and considerable literary charm in George Dangerfield's "The Era of Good Feelings," reviewed below.

Between Jefferson & Jackson

THE ERA OF GOOD FEELINGS. By George Dangerfield. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 525 pp. $6.

By J. H. POWELL

THE "Era of Good Feelings" always sounded dull in school books; and unfortunately something called "The Middle Period" came soon afterwards. Both were a cinch to skip. Where do historians find such epithets? George Dangerfield, being British, was spared the American schoolbred distaste for the years between Jefferson and Jackson, these years "of confusion and vigor, of aspiration, uncertainty, division, and ill will," when feelings ran high but invariably were not good; and he has found the hardihood to write of them.

He writes with gusto, sense, and authority. His agreeable, eloquent book is full of people, conflicts, ideas, and color. It is a learned book, and witty and skilful; on every page it is thoughtful, clever, and original. If the total impression is somewhat less original, the fault lies with the material, not the writer. Its effect will be excellent, for so many of us have forgotten that there were other Jeffersonians than Jefferson; that Jefferson himself observed the strong reaction against his "niggardly theories of government," as John Quincy Adams called them; that there was in the 1820's a bold scheme of national planning which Jackson, indifferent, overthrew.

—*Shreve Ballard.*

George Dangerfield—"writes with gusto."

President Monroe, that useful, imposing personage dedicated to other men's ideas since he had few of his own, cannot be the central figure of this or any book. He was the façade behind which Quincy Adams and Henry Clay developed their energetic programs. From the treaty conferences at Ghent in 1814 until his retirement in 1829, Quincy Adams somehow was the principal American, at home as well as abroad. Rarely was an intellect less furnished with effective personal qualities than his. Mr. Dangerfield is superb in personal analysis. Marshall, Calhoun, Jackson, Gallatin, Randolph, a whole generation of leaders are brilliantly, shrewdly presented. So also is John Taylor of Caroline, "first of a long line of American statesmen who flourished only in opposition," who regarded government itself as evil, yet deplored his own prejudice. He could produce no

J. H. Powell is the author of a biography of Richard Rush, American diplomat of the Era of Good Feelings.

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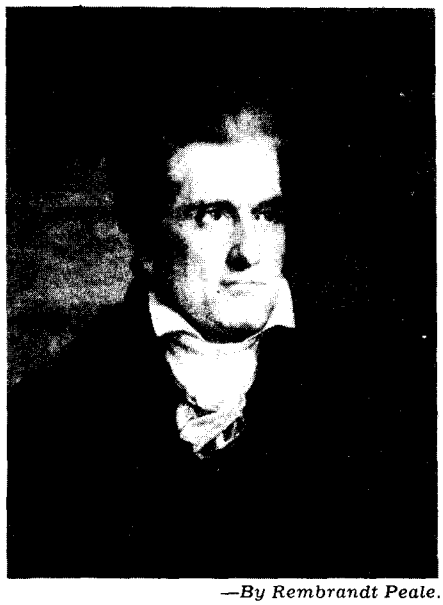

—By Rembrandt Peale.
John C. Calhoun—"frustrated life."

philosophical system of politics; he could produce only "the landscape of a dream."

Between the poles of Taylor's democracy and Adams's republicanism, Jeffersonians veered, till the sharp depression of 1819 put an end to exuberant nationalism, fostered the snarling sectionalism of a country now become a continent, and engendered a national program. The Missouri Compromise and the Monroe Doctrine were parts of the national plan; so was Clay's "American System," and the tariff policy. But the expressive capitalism of Eastern business, the resentful agrarianism of the West in depression and recovery, the dissolving Jeffersonian Party organization ("an old, creaking, and privileged political machine which could no longer do the work that was required of it"), separated the people from their government. In Adams's Presidency, 1825-29, the Administration's comprehensive plan of fostering equally "the plough, the looms, and the ship," had little quick relevance to the demands and grievances of the people. "It was by listening to and learning from these demands and grievances that Andrew Jackson, who came to the Presidency in 1829 with no program and almost no ideas, became one of the great popular leaders in American history."

Through the years since independence, the recurring struggle has gone on, between those who would have a free, and those a prosperous America. The conflict of Adams and Jackson is a phase of a present conflict. Adams believed that Jackson's victory meant "the ruin of our cause"; but history has more often been on Adams's side, the side of those who sense that in a good society freedom alone is not enough.

Advocate of Sectionalism

JOHN C. CALHOUN: Sectionalist, 1840-1850. By Charles M. Wiltse. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 592 pp. $6.

By Roy Nichols

CALHOUN had the mind of a statesman without the instincts of a politician. Because of this latter incapacity he was frustrated in his great ambition. The nation would never accept him as leader.

The tragedy of this frustration is the theme of this third and last volume in Mr. Wiltse's extended biography of the South Carolinian. In these volumes Calhoun's life has been made to fit into a neat pattern of interpretation. In the first, he was the ardent young nationalist who worked to make the young Republic strong and powerful. In the second, he saw that the means used to advance national power were conflicting and he bent his efforts to fighting the corrupting power by such violent concepts as state nullification of Federal laws, a form of civil disobedience.

In this third volume, the violent swinging of the pendulum of Calhoun's enthusiasm comes to equilibrium in a philosophical solution of the problem in which he advocates the creation of a sectional power which shall be accorded the right to check the national. This is the story of the last ten years of his life lived during that feverish decade, 1840-1850.

In these last years Calhoun returned to the Democratic Party and likewise returned to his nationalism though few historians have given him credit for it. Much of this time of final tragedy he spent in the Senate but it was broken by three episodes. He sought the 1844 nomination for the Presidency, he retired to his study to write the prescription for the saving of the Constitution and the Republic, and he served as Secretary of State.

As a Senator his utterances were listened to with the same awe which was accorded Webster and Clay, but he could hardly command the united support of the South, let alone the nation. His two themes were free trade and defense of Southern rights. Only if the growing power of the free labor states could be brought to acknowledge the just interests of the South could the nation be saved. He spent his last strength in an effort to convert the nation to his view in the bitter struggle over the admission of California in 1850 and died in its midst without knowing the full extent of his failure.

As Presidential candidate he lacked any of the political genius needed to attract nationwide support or conciliate or deal with factions and rival leaders. He placed his confidence in inept friends, he failed to mobilize an adequate press, and he himself proved too fastidious to associate with those who controlled votes. He felt the office should seek him, and as is usual it did not.

So he withdrew from the contest and sought refuge in the wide reaches of his mind. He wrote two books which he hoped would command public attention and arrest the dangerous trends. He saw the nation threatened with civil war, and he worked out a highly ingenious and intelligent theoretical arrest. He would make the Federal system of state and nation over by inserting a third power. The Federal Government should be reorganized so that the South might veto any acts of the national Government. Only such policies as could receive the assent of both sections, North and South, could be put in operation.

As Secretary of State Calhoun had his one success in this final period of his career. He was called in to guide the annexation of Texas and had the satisfaction of carrying this difficult operation through its final stages.

Mr. Wiltse has ranged far in his analysis of this great career. He has seen the growth of the young Republic as part of a great development of Western civilization dominated by the rise of industrialism and democracy. He has shown effectively the dilemma of Calhoun, who was really trying to arrest these great forces in the interest of the static Southern agricultural slave labor society.

One lays down this very expert and complete work with the feeling that Mr. Wiltse is most successful as an historian but perhaps less so as a biographer. The effective analysis gives us vividly the plight of the nation and the world forces at work in the crisis. However, somehow Calhoun as a man is elusive. The extent of his personal tragedy is lost sight of in the absorbing story of the times. Had Mr. Wiltse freed himself from the shackles placed upon his imagination by Calhoun's inability to express his emotions, he might have conveyed more effectively to his readers the great tragedy of this frustrated life.

Roy Nichols, professor of history at the University of Pennsylvania, won a Pulitzer Prize for his book "The Disruption of American Democracy."

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Pilgrim Leader

BRADFORD OF PLYMOUTH. By Bradford Smith. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 338 pp. $5.

By PERRY MILLER

ONE GOOD REASON, Mr. Smith suggests, why William Bradford has not yet had a full biography is "Of Plimouth Plantation": beside that organ-toned history any modern retelling (there being extremely little other evidence with which to supplement it) is bound to appear a pallid work of supererogation. Mr. Smith accepts the challenge. Although time and again he is abjectly reduced to quoting his original; although his imaginative re-creations of aspects which Bradford passed over with a sentence or with dignified silence verge on the sentimental; and although his grasp of seventeenth-century theology is of the sketchiest—still he does manage to give the reader a sense of how truly monumental a character was this guiding and sustaining spirit of the Pilgrim adventure.

Lamenting that "Of Plimouth Plantation" is "neglected," Mr. Smith angrily demands how many Americans know it? Those who for years have fought this fight (if only by assigning it in class!) will welcome Mr. Smith's support and forgive the exuberance of his championship. Surely, however the reader comes to it, he will have improved his time by familiarizing himself with Bradford's glorious paean on the landing, or with such a sentence as: "Thus out of smalle beginnings greater things have been produsedby his hand that made all things of nothing, and gives being to all things that are; and as one small candle may light a thousand, so the light here kindled hath shone to many, yea in some sorte to our whole nation."

What Plymouth Colony did achieve was in great part imposed upon it by the peculiar circumstances; the terms of survival dictated many of the moves most admired by posterity. So real was this success that it does not need to be celebrated at the cost of a false contrast to Massachusetts Bay. It is sheer nonsense to set off a "basically democratic" Plymouth against an "aristocratic or theocratic" Boston. Neither does it help Mr. Smith's thesis to suppose that the Pilgrims learned a "liberalism" in Holland which Holland of 1620 never imparted, and I can only wonder at the hold of mythology on the mind when I see such a student as he asserting anew the utterly discredited notion that Plymouth "fathered" the churches of Massachusetts. By blurring and confusing the true issues between Separatist and Non-Separatist independency, Mr. Smith does his hero more harm than good. Bradford is great enough in his own right not to need the artificial heightening that comes from calling him a Jeffersonian in contrast to the "Hamiltonian" Winthrop.

This inevitably brings up the question of Mr. Smith's over-all treatment, and that tedious problem of how far a historian may legitimately go in sticking into his text little embellishments of his own. We know that there were children on the *Mayflower;* who dares therefore to deny that they swarmed over the ship, "pestering the sailors with questions, following them about at their tasks, learning no doubt some stiff sea language their parents would have to beat out of them," etc.? Yes, this is a charming interjection, but the question is not whether they did or did not behave this way; rather that in the face of Bradford's narrative, all this patter of tiny feet becomes sadly tasteless. This kind of elaboration takes its rise from precisely the same befuddled thinking which prevents Mr. Smith from seeing clearly, or expounding accurately, the Separatist polity which he acknowledges was the heart of Plymouth's inspiration.

Nevertheless, Mr. Smith does perceive one great fact: if ever an institution was the work of a man, Plymouth became the lengthened shadow of William Bradford. On many topics the fidelity of this book to the sources is admirable, as, for instance, in the vigorous reminder that the Pilgrim "Fathers" were a group of youngish persons, that they were simple yeomen, none of them entitled to a coat of arms—and that they did *not* build log cabins. In the larger sense Mr. Smith is entirely correct in asserting that the pioneers of Plymouth—those who survived the first dreadful winter, and above all their leader Bradford—"were of the rising middle class, and they established in America the inspiration, the habits, the pattern of the 'self-made man.' "

Perry Miller, professor of American literature at Harvard University, is the author of "The New England Mind" and co-author with T. H. Johnson of "The Puritans."

Old Rough-and-Ready

ZACHARY TAYLOR: Soldier in the White House. By Holman Hamilton. Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merrill Co. 496 pp. $6.

By CLAUDE M. FUESS

RECENT YEARS have seen the rehabilitation of two once unappreciated Presidents, James K. Polk and Andrew Johnson. Now Mr. Hamilton has given us a somewhat belated but very just appraisal of the virtues of President Zachary Taylor. Taylor's administration of slightly more than a year and four months has been exceeded in brevity only by those of William H. Harrison and James A. Garfield. Not long ago a group of historians canvassed by Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr., voted Taylor to be a "below-average" President. Without making any extravagant claims for him Mr. Hamilton feels that "Old Rough-and-Ready" may have been misunderstood and underrated.

Supplementing the author's earlier excellent volume, "Zachary Taylor, Soldier of the Republic," this book describes Taylor's career from the date of his return from the Mexican War in December 1847 until his death in the White House on July 9, 1850. The victor of Buena Vista had never voted, and nobody was quite sure with which political party he could be identified. With initial reluctance but increasing acquiescence he yielded to the solicitations of the Whigs, who were looking for a popular hero. Clay and Webster, the brilliant Whig leaders, were thus passed over in favor of a man whose views were almost unknown. On election day he apparently did not even cast a vote. Nevertheless, in November 1848 he won decisively over his opponents, Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren. Then, inexperienced though he was in politics, he was obliged as a statesman to face the critical issues involved in the question of slavery.

Taylor, a man of considerable property, was one of the fewer than 1,800 Southern planters who owned at least a hundred slaves. But although he did not believe in disturbing the "peculiar institution" in an area where it was already established he was opposed to its further extension. He had no sympathy, furthermore, with extremists in either section. In his speech at Mercer, Pennsylvania, in August 1849 he declared that Northerners "need have no apprehension of the further extension of slavery." As the agitation increased Taylor on

(*Continued on page* 33)

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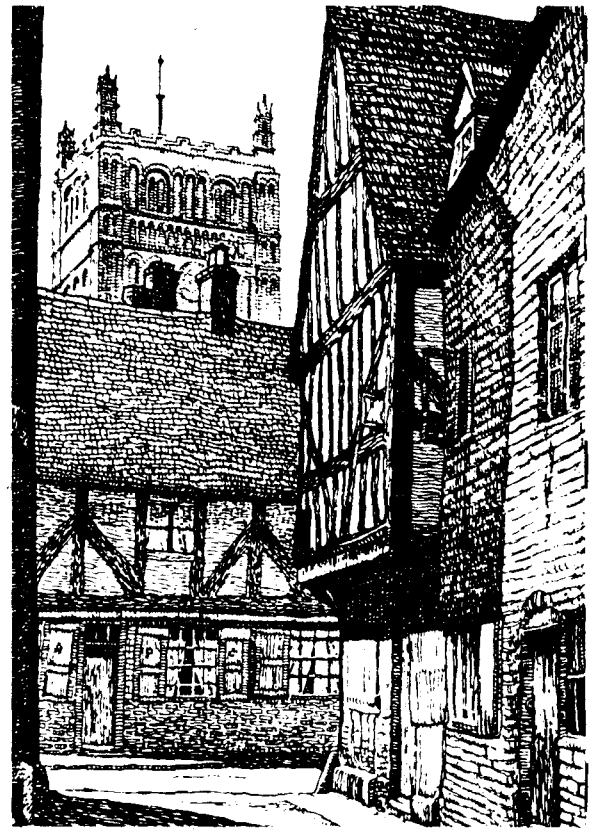
Lucky Dip

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY



—*E. W. Bartlett.*

LAST SUMMER, the only time in more than forty years, by reasons not really under my control, I had no sea bathing. There is no swimming in the world to match that along the shores—both Ocean and Sound—of my own Long Island. But even in Britain, with or without that distressing garment they still call *bathing drawers,* a term shocking to Americans, a muddy or chilblained ersatz for swimming can be enjoyed. This is an anecdote of a North Sea dip; but I shall approach it gradually, as North Sea bathers usually do. It was in that unforgettable sunbake of September 1949. As Hilaire Belloc used to say, after one of his ironic outbursts of essayist's ecstasy, these things are pleasant to remember.

England is spangled with good humor; and if you don't go too fast (which the English do) with beauty not insistent. My pilgrimages can be reproached as mere loitering, but there are two kinds of places I most relish for visit and search: churches and railway stations. In these devotions I have my choices; like the tombstone in Romsey Abbey, I am "a solid and nervous asserter of discriminating grace." A noble old tower, a fabulous yew tree with multiple trunks clustered like a pipe organ, an epitaph that suggests double meanings, are discriminations of a desirable country church. In my collection of railway stations I approve a mixed garden of sober vegetables and riotous flowers where the *chef de gare* is connoisseur of dahlia and zinnia. (Scot, we know, is good fertilizer). And if possible let the station be a junction of country lines. There will be sidings and crippled old goods-wagons (the kind with four spoky wheels) swathed with tarpaulin. The running tinkle or pizzicato glissando of a line of buffers chiming in sequence, climaxed in a cymbal crash, can be almost as musical as a mild-and-bitter practice of village bellringers. Also the station of dear esteem is one where the great queen-trains do not stop. You should see the Yarmouth Express (the Flying Bloater?) roar past Woodbridge, only slightly slackened for the S-curve of Deben River. You should see and hear the Bournemouth Belle through Brockenhurst, dividing Hampshire as a gale splits a jib, tearing the New Forest apart like a Norman duke.

Perhaps my favorite churches and my favorite stations are both junctions, of one way of life with another; and through both, on the Permanent Way, something very swift goes past without stopping. And in country towns it is only at railway bookstalls that I can buy the papers or detective stories I most desire.

These passions, if you will be patient with me, can lead to unexpected adventures, especially if the church (or station) is on a frontier. At Borley, for instance, where Suffolk and Essex are divided by poltergeists, was the only breath of otherworldly chill in that season of persisting summer. At Beccles, after exploring the Waveney River that divides North and South Folk, we reveled in the churchyard with its separate tower and the great hedge of lavender exhaling in the sun. Then my family and I hung about the station, a junction of course, admiring the rolling stock. One of the engine drivers, whose head was a trifle turned by our loving admiration, paraded his antique six-wheeler for a snapshot. In spite of repainting, her birth year was legibly my own, 1890. Her connecting rods, like mine, were a bit loose and made lovely clank. Take good care of her, I begged him, and don't let her get on the right-hand track.

Lovers of locomotive antiques had their heyday in Britain in those five years after the war, before everybody tried to smarten up for the Festival. They felt as art-collectors might if they found original Holbeins or Constables lingering in country capharnaums. The panels, upholstery, and hardware of old first-class carriages rusticated to obscure branch lines were of vintage and patina and bouquet beyond compare. On some of the short-breathed old engines the color and legend "British Railways" had been so thriftily brushed that the original paint showed through; even the forgotten ultramarine of the long-ago Great Eastern.

I must get on toward the North Sea;

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let me just insist that the happiest travel is in any kind of vehicle that is gently going out of business. The railway put the stage-coach *hors concours*, and the motor-bus has knocked out the in-between-times cross-country trains. The fictioneer of brio and shock (how tediously swift) has bankrupted the poor comical dawdling essayist. With what nostalgia I remember those happy little journeys with a compartment to ourselves, or even a whole corridor-car. We would start after leisurely breakfast, wherever a utility train might be going; perhaps from Wroxham to Norwich, or Woodbridge to Aldeburgh, or Beccles to Lowestoft. On arrival an agile daughter or son-at-law would speed ahead and book a table somewhere for lunch. Even in that wonderful hot weather we had learned not to attempt to order a drink so alien to British habit as iced tea; we had learned to reverse ice creams and call them cream ices; and that the menu name for the universal brown gravy soup of all country hotels is *potage garbure*. Many things we learned, comfortable to recall in a time of what the Fuels and Powers call load-shedding. The English wasp we met in his full truculence at Horning regatta. He has the right bulldog blood; shut him inside the marmalade pot and hear him growl. His wings when well revved up can blow the ash from a cigarette. The English passion for steel table-knives is no longer for cutting beef, but bisecting wasps.

I HAD learned, gossiping with the station-master at Beccles, that at Halesworth was a unique pair of crossing-gates; when swung they carried with them sections of platform. These to a haunter of railways should be as unique as any reredos or faldstool carvings in an ancient church. Also, on the map, a 'light railway' (*viz*, narrow gauge) was marked as running from Halesworth to Southwold. According to the books it had a sacred golden dragon on its miniature engine, it had once been used to take guests round the lilyponds and fishpools of the Chinese Emperor. I seem to remember too that Halesworth was the home of George Gissing's father, but this is afterlore, we didn't know it then. I don't think poor George Gissing, the self-made pessimist, bore much impress of that cheerful town.

When we reached Halesworth we learned that the Chinese light railway had been removed during the war. It was too much temptation to possible invaders, and perhaps it had lost face by being smiled at. We could see traces where its lines had been laid in pleasant places, where the Golden Dragon had spewed steam and small palanquins had trundled picnickers and sausage rolls to Southwold and Walberswick. Like Dr. Philip Gosse's proud railway man who wearied of the talk of foxhunters, it said, "While you were huntin' and shootin' I've been shuntin' and hootin.'" But it had Lost Face, it was gone (I wonder where?) and we missed it.

The traveler for pastime rather than purpose always has an alternate in store. Bartholomew, patron saint of all wayfarers and cartographer to me as well as The King, showed it was only some dozen miles to Dunwich. This had been a name of sanctity all our lives. The old Saxon Canterbury, the city stolen by the sea, the septuagint of seventy church chimes heard ringing underwater in the lulls of tide. One Quaker family held mild revel there with potted meat and shrimps for generations of romantic picnic. The east wind was perhaps too snell for wasps. My father had taken his bride there on their honeymoon. I even wonder whether his stoutly non-conformist spirit may have found satisfaction in contemplating the ruins of so much monkish mumbo-crambo.

The only way was to hire a cab. Our Halesworth station-master kindly phoned for one. It came, driven by a good soul almost crazed with affability. His nasal drone, snoring over East Anglian adenoids ripened by a hundred generations of endemic catarrh, lingers with us still. All comedians know (from Chaucer to Bob Hope or Jimmy Durante) nothing is more amusing than a nose, especially when used as an organ of speech. New England, where even the dogs bark through their noses, cannot rival the singsong nostril-tones of coastal Suffolk.

I tell by memory only; we made no memo. We sped, too swiftly, through curlicue country roads. We had the usual narrow shaves at corners while our driver's head was retorted to harangue the back seat. In that dulcet September sea and land lay intermixed, inshore lagoons of tidal flow, ridges of shingle barrier to the surf; and colorful as Bartholomew's map, a flat pale blue, a harvest stubbled yellow-green. In great plenitude of noonward sun we found the noble church of Blythburgh, tall and lonely on its lifted mound. It had been visited before by Cromwell, almost as dangerous to handsome churches as the ocean itself. "You see, you see," snored our guide in his loving harelip tone, "you see the print of his horses' hoofs and you see the hitching chains on the pillars." Across purple heath the honeyed simmer of heat was needled by sniffs of salt. The end of the way was a pleasant-looking pub, the So-andso Arms; I forget the name of the armiger. Here we left car and driver. He begged to come with us for fear we would not understand everything, but we insisted that he must be thirsty, and confirmed it with coinage.

A WINDING lane, deep below hedges, evidently was the way to the beach. But above, in the field toward the clifftop, were old walls and archways, a shard of gable, all that was left of metropolitan Dunwich. We burst off the track, climbed through brambles uphill, clambered on the walls and peered into the desolate garth of some ruined abbey. Bemused by our friend's soliloquies we fell into his method; drunk with briny sunshine and excitement we whined to each other, "You see, you see, that's all the sea left of the see."

My forebears had all found in the disappearing debris of Dunwich some special and peculiar romance; but to conjure the proper mood would require more leisure than we had. We stood at the brow of the steep sandy cliff. This, I repeat, was an unorthodox approach; we were supposed to go round by the lane, perhaps half a mile. But already the younger pair were tobogganing down in huge slides and leaps; the powdery overhang was crumbling underfoot. With much zeal but little grace we rumped and floundered after. We cascaded the great talus of slither and reached the surf-belt of shingle.

Few have sat by the Northern sea so much in the mood of Keats's "Ode

(*Continued on page* 31)

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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The Price of Safety

IF RECENT years have proved anything they have demonstrated the capacity of mankind to support apparently unsupportable ardors and to compass ill on a scale which in normal times would pass the ability of human nature to endure. In moments of peril nations, like individuals, rise to unparalleled heights. Common danger sews up the seams of discord and binds warring purposes into indomitable resolution. It is one of the tragedies of society that the solidarity welded out of emergency should so quickly yield to the lifting of pressure and that the immense motive power generated under the threat of danger should be dissipated once that is removed.

Human nature, to be sure, cannot maintain emotion at the boiling point for an indefinite length of time. After a period even the abnormal becomes the normal, and the mind and heart cease to function with the acuteness of agony which the first onset of danger calls forth. But, if it is inevitable that strain should bring diminution of energy and corresponding laxness of will, there yet remains a potential of emotion which if properly channeled could become a mighty force for constructive action. Long ago, before the First World War had brought their hopes to a crashing end, the pacifists used to maintain that if peace could be dramatized as was battle, wars would cease to exist. However ill-fated was their belief, there was a modicum of truth in what they said. For partly the indifference into which society falls in times of relaxed tension is due not to lack of imagination on the part of the average individual but to the failure of leaders to present issues and causes with the zeal of crusaders.

There is never any difficulty, once a national emergency is on, to awake popular feeling. A threat to the public security, such as war and the contingencies of war present, needs no urging to establish their imperative importance: their significance and their consequences are patent to the most untutored. But the domestic dangers which beset us in normal times, the corruption, the reckless besmirching of reputations, the political wire-pulling, the inefficiency of public officials, these by the very nature of their kaleidoscopic presentation in the newspapers are pulled out of plumb. Either they take on a sensational aspect which first horrifies, then confounds, and finally benumbs the public, or they become ammunition for political warfare and are discounted as such by cynical or skeptical observers. The indignation they arouse fritters itself away all too often before counter-action has got under way and the public draws back into its shell of indifference, content to let matters take their course without insistence on immediate reform.

POLITICIANS, of course, are awake to this fact and exercise exceeding caution in the timing of their pronouncements lest, by coming too soon into the open with controversial issues, they lose the full impact of attack. Eternal vigilance is still the price of safety, and only by keeping public awareness of affairs constantly vivid and vital in the minds of the people can we hope for good government. It is the tritest of truths that a Tammany or a Pendergast machine wins its victories as much in the dull routine of uneventful days as in the heat of campaigns, wins them through a never-sleeping reiteration of its intentions and deeds.

There is a Presidential campaign in the offing, a period which is sure to release floods of emotion with streams of exhortation and denunciation. And, though it is one of the crowning glories of American political life that no matter how violent the vilification or how bitter the onslaught of political foes while the battle is on the minority bows without demur to the will of the majority, it will be an enormous pity if some of the heat engendered by the Presidential fray cannot be transmuted into continuing action against enemies of the public good and the kinetic energy of debate be transformed into a determination to wage unceasing warfare on abuses at all times. —A. L.

You! With Your Talk . . .

By Fern Maddox

I HEARD you this afternoon on the
Courthouse steps.
You! with your talk of equality!
Big promises . . .
Mighty handshakes . . .
Caustic words;
The manner of you crackling like new bills
Tossed on a worn counter.
You, who have well-lighted house,
Extended credit,
Know nothing
Of Hunger . . . Cold . . . Rags . . . Coming infants . . .
But you do know
Of a coming election.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Market for Books

SIR: As an interested neutral, neither bookseller nor publisher, I find Harry Scherman's defense of the book clubs [*SRL* Dec. 8] full of flaws.

His two principal theses: one, that there is a vast untapped group of "intending" book readers who never buy, and two, that there are far too few "establishments predominantly occupied in distributing books," seem to me to be mutually contradictory. I assume that the law of supply and demand operates for books as for everything else; if the demand were present there would be more than enough distributors eager to supply it. Far more people, I am convinced, dream of running a little book store than of, say, a meat market.

I am an "intending" driver of a Cadillac. The reason my intention so far remains unfulfilled is, I think, the same reason that keeps Mr. Scherman's intending readers from buying books: the price is too high. I know it's the reason that keeps me from buying more books than I now do.

No, at three to six dollars per book, the demand is small, and diminishing to the extent that prices are rising; and the cream of that demand is being skimmed off by the clubs with their discounts, high pressure, and saturation advertising. There is, I'm sure, a huge *potential* market for books, not "intending" but potential. Offer this potential market more and better new books in cheap editions priced under a dollar, and you might discover a new, solid, cashable demand—not the nebulous one dreamed up by Mr. Scherman—and don't worry about there not being enough booksellers to meet it.

JAMES REACH.

New York, N. Y.

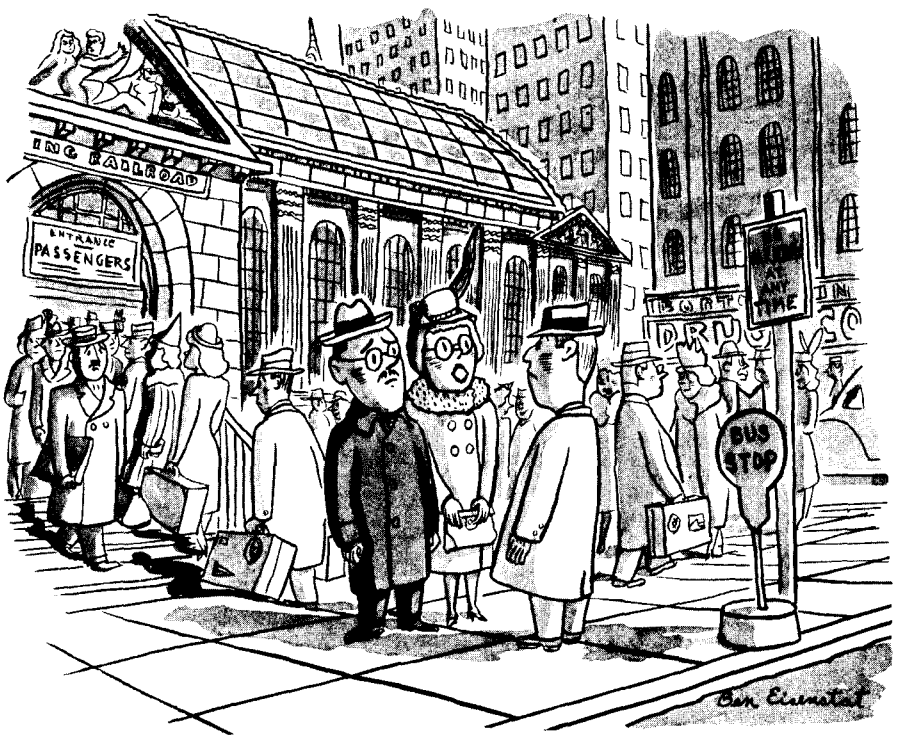
SIR: N.C.'s exposition of the plights of the book business ["How to Kill a Book," *SRL* Nov. 24] was brought to my attention by a magazine editor, a man with broad literary interests, who was smart enough to have left book publishing some years ago. Congratulations; and may I join the chorus?

As for the industry's basic sickness, though you do not plop your fingers right down, the great difficulty just beneath your digit is the underlying assumption on the part of publishers that an orderly retail trade not only is not essential to them, but may not even be particularly desirable. Once this is appreciated the components of the publishing picture fall into place. I have observed publishing practices based on this assumption for twenty-five years.

If one desires a literary exercise, the assumption of the retailer's unimportance may be analyzed at some length. Does it express an unconscious instinct, or does it denote a basic policy? If the former is true (and it surely is in part), may we please throw some elementary economics in the balance? To whatever extent the latter is true (and it apparently is in part) our thinking and writing about the book industry must be modified.

NORMAN A. HALL.

Newton Centre, Mass.



"We're on our way to Miami. Hubert wants to write a poignant novel of the deep South."

Bernard Shaw Correspondence

SIR: With the authority of the Public Trustee as Administrator of the Estate of Bernard Shaw, and as the publishers of Shaw's works in the United States, we are planning to publish some time during the next four or five years a definitive selection of the Letters of Bernard Shaw.

Constable and Company, Mr. Shaw's publishers in London, will be cooperating with us and will issue this selection in one or more volumes in their Standard Edition of Shaw.

Since Mr. Shaw was an exceedingly prolific correspondent, our editorial department is commencing immediately to assemble information and is anxious to hear from librarians, private collectors, booksellers, dealers, and owners about any letters they may know of. Arrangements will subsequently be made for photostating or copying, and appropriate credit will be given in each instance to the holder of the original letter.

DODD, MEAD & COMPANY.

432 Fourth Avenue,
New York 16, N. Y.

Errata

SIR: In Cleveland Rodgers's review of "Incredible New York" [*SRL* Dec. 8] he includes among the "crusaders and sin hunters" of the Nineties, "Dr. Pankhurst." This, of course, may be a typographical error but, curiously enough, the name Pankhurst rightfully belongs to a different kind of crusader of the period, Mrs. Pankhurst, a militant English battler for "women's rights." Dr. Charles Parkhurst, to whom Mr. Rodgers undoubtedly refers, was a New York clergyman who gained considerable fame by his attacks on New York's organized vice.

Incidentally, the reproduction of the jacket of the book is titled, "Opening of Brooklyn Bridge, 1863." If this is correct, my supposed age will need some revision, since I crossed the structure with my father the day after its opening in 1883.

HARRY S. TILLOTSON.

Upper Darby, Pa.

Real Compliment

SIR: Writing Letters to Editors is not in my code. Renewal of subscription I believe to be the most patent endorsement and the fairest vehicle for expressing an agreement to disagree. However, *The Saturday Review* is becoming better and better each year and I just have to express appreciation for the increasing frequency of the occasions when you stimulate me by an intelligent disagreement or inspire with applause and confirmation. . . . Coming from an "unreconstructed" Maine Republican, you'll agree that a real compliment is intended!

C. PALMER.

Saugus, Mass.

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Seeing Things

A QUEEN'S STORY

THE suggestion was Roger Furse's. Advanced as a joke, it has proved to be an inspiration. Laurence Olivier and Vivien Leigh were anxious to find a play which they could present in London in time for the Festival of Britain. But they were both tired after a term in Hollywood and their cupboard of ideas was bare. "What about 'Caesar and Cleopatra'?"* someone asked. Remembering the indifferent film version in which she had appeared, Miss Leigh was against it. No one can blame her. It was then that Roger Furse, the designer, spoke up. "Let's do the two Cleopatras," he said smilingly, "the Shaw and the Shakespeare. We could save money with a single billing." Although the Oliviers dismissed the notion as impractical and thought Mr. Furse was being funny, fortunately for all of us, as the days passed and they were still without plans, they came to take him seriously with results that have made stage history.

Only Plutarch, with his mastery of antithesis, could do justice to the dissimilarities separating "Caesar and Cleopatra" from "Antony and Cleopatra." The two dramas are as unlike as Shaw and Shakespeare. The one is a comedy, the work of a rationalist; the other, a tragedy, the outpouring of an emotionalist. The first recognizes no passion except moral passion; the second has no morals in it and is all passion. The modern play is written in prose as eloquent as only Shaw could make it; the Elizabethan in poetry as glorious as Shakespeare alone, and at his most magnificent, could produce it.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" is concerned with the wise use of greatness and power, "Antony and Cleopatra" with their wanton squandering and abuse. The subject of the one is wisdom; of the other, lust. Julius Caesar is a conqueror in control of himself no less than of kingdoms; Mark Antony, a conqueror so conquered by his desires that he has kissed kingdoms away. Shaw, the Puritan, feeling only revulsion at sexual infatuation when treated as a tragic theme, chose to present his Cleopatra as a young girl, unsure of herself, frightened at first, and sorely in need of the lessons in how to rule given her by the mighty Julius. Shakespeare, burningly aware of the pains and ecstasies, the ardors and costs of sexual infatuation, elected to present his Cleopatra as a mature woman, capricious and wayward and flaming with passion. Where the one Cleopatra is a kitten growing up to be a queen, the other is a tigress so much the slave of her emotions that she has almost forgotten her duties as a queen. The result of Shaw's approach is a play witty, wise, and absorbing; the result of Shakespeare's is a drama soaring, sublime in its beauties, and turbulent in its excitements.

Drastic as are the differences which separate them, "Caesar and Cleopatra" and "Antony and Cleopatra" do complement each other, and to a surprising degree. The differences do not keep them from fitting together as neatly as if they were instalments in a serial. No wonder the title by which they are known on Broadway is "Two on the Nile." Since for the first time they can be seen on successive nights as given by the same company, wise theatregoers will see them both and in their proper sequence. Furthermore, judgment should be withheld until both have been seen. Then, and then only, can the unexpected unity of the two plays be realized, the strategy of the performances understood, and the magnitude of the whole brave, dazzling undertaking appreciated.

The links uniting the plays do not stop with the obvious ones. There is more to the connection between them than the fact that they deal with earlier and later incidents in Cleopatra's life and hence have the continuity of episodes in a biography. Both are as involved with the sweep of Rome's imperial power on its highest levels as they are with individuals greatly placed. An unmistakable bridge is supplied, too, by Shaw. His Cleopatra has already met Mark Antony and is

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA, by Bernard Shaw, and ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA, by William Shakespeare, acted on alternate nights. Directed by Michael Benthall. Settings by Roger Furse. Costumes by Audrey Cruddas. Music by Herbert Menges. Presented by Gilbert Miller by arrangement with Laurence Olivier Productions, Ltd. With a cast including Laurence Olivier, Vivien Leigh, Robert Helpmann, Wilfrid Hyde White, Harry Andrews, Niall MacGinnis, Pat Nye, Harold Kasket, Dan Cunningham, etc. At the Ziegfeld Theatre, New York City. Opened December 19, 1951.

—*Angus McBean.*

The Oliviers in "Caesar and Cleopatra" (left) and "Antony and Cleopatra"—"fine performances in stirring productions."

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haunted by the memory of the "beautiful young man with strong round arms."

Moreover, Shaw's Julius promises to send her this same Antony as a replacement. He is an Antony described by Shaw at the conclusion of his play in Shakespearean terms; a "Roman from head to heel and Roman of the noblest; not old and ripe for the knife; not lean in the arms and cold in the heart; not hiding a bald head under his conqueror's laurels; not stooped with the weight of the world on his shoulders; but brisk and fresh, strong and young, hoping in the morning, fighting in the day, and reveling in the evening."

There are other points in common. The disasters courted by Shakespeare's Serpent of the Nile are the penalties she pays for not having mastered the lessons in clemency, wisdom, and large-heartedness which Shaw's conqueror tried to teach the girlish queen. Shaw's script serves, therefore, as an illuminating prologue to the tragedy which follows it. If the tragedy is by far the mightier play, finding Shakespeare greater than Shaw rather than Shaw "better than Shakespeare," this in no way subtracts from the originality and brilliance of Shaw's writing. He is the only modern dramatist I can think of who would stand up at all when presented on the same program with Shakespeare. In spite of fighting a losing battle, he stands up very well.

Among the points in his favor count the fact that in Enobarbus Shakespeare created without realizing it an admirable Shavian character. Although Shaw would never have permitted him to apostrophize the beauties of Cleopatra's barge in such shamelessly un-Fabian terms, Enobarbus is blessed with Shaw's own sanity. It is a sanity born not of disenchantment but of having the courage, so often mistaken for the perversity of wit, to see and describe things as they are.

THE interest in the current joint bill lies, of course, not only in the two plays, which are available everywhere in print, but more especially in what is done to them in these Olivier productions. The Oliviers have come to occupy a unique and commanding position in the English-speaking theatre no less than on the screen. Their careers, important as well as glamorous, have been of so ascendant a kind that their mere names send expectations skyrocketing.

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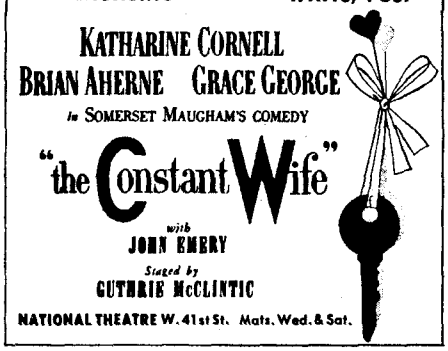

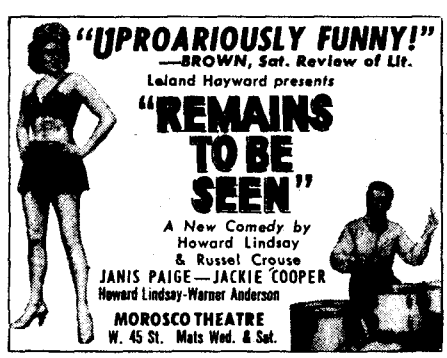

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Miss Leigh's. But all moviegoers who saw her in such pictures as "Gone with the Wind" and "A Streetcar Named Desire" have recognized her rare abilities. I regret to say I missed such of her London stage successes as "The Skin of Our Teeth" and "Streetcar." I did, however, see her in "The Doctor's Dilemma" and realized then how much she had grown since she and Mr. Olivier brought their ill-fated "Romeo and Juliet" to New York eleven years ago.

As for Mr. Olivier, moviegoers still, and rightly, remember him with gratitude in "Wuthering Heights" and "Rebecca" and for his superb "Henry V," that best of all good pictures, and his "Hamlet," varied as it was in its merits. Certainly Americans, already acquainted with his work in "Private Lives," "The Green Bay Tree," and "No Time for Comedy," became aware of his astonishing versatility when he appeared in New York with the Old Vic in such dissimilar parts as Hotspur, Justice Shallow, Puff, and Astrov. When they sat before his "Oedipus," which was one of the modern theatre's most memorable and exciting performances, they were forced to admit that, more than being a remarkable actor, Mr. Olivier was a great one.

In the two "Cleopatras" the Oliviers face a stern challenge. They not only have to live up to their own reputations but to live down vivid recollections of Katharine Cornell and Godfrey Tearle in "Antony and Cleopatra" and of Lilli Palmer and Cedric Hardwicke in "Caesar and Cleopatra."

It would be silly and churlish to pretend that these recent revivals, both of which were admirable, did not boast excellences sometimes unmatched in the current productions. Miss Palmer was bewitchingly impetuous and attractive as the kittenish Cleopatra; Mr. Hardwicke, a brilliant and persuasive Julius, far younger in appearance and more military in bearing than the tired conqueror Mr. Olivier has chosen to portray. Miss Cornell was ravishing as the mature Cleopatra, and in her death scene achieved a tragic splendor and did a justice to the glories of the poetry Miss Leigh fails to equal. As the fallen Antony, Mr. Tearle succeeded even more completely than Mr. Olivier in being the embodiment of greatness wrecked and in suggesting a genius for command robbed of its self-command.

When it comes to the world-ranging political considerations in "Antony and Cleopatra," which are so essential a part of the personal tragedies involved, these seemed to me more clearly and urgently stated in the Cornell-McClintic production than in the Olivier. As far as some of the secondary performances are concerned, I must confess that I found Douglass Watson's Eros heartbreaking and unforgettable where Lyndon Brook's is less than indifferent, and Harry Andrews's Enobarbus woefully inadequate compared to Kent Smith's wholly distinguished characterization which was as wise, touching, and commanding as the part requires. Although I admire Robert Helpmann's ability to turn successfully from such a light-hearted hedonist as Apollodorus in Shaw's play to Shakespeare's Octavius Caesar, I miss in his performance, tight-lipped, arrogant, and persuasive as it is, the cold, modern-dictator inhumanity and military appearance which Ralph Clanton brought to the part in the Cornell production.

These are among the reservations honesty demands. Like many reservations, however, including some yet to come, they are irrelevances so far as the stunning merits and compelling virtues of the Oliviers' offerings are concerned. I mention them not to be disagreeable but to be fair. I cite them because only when they are admitted can the true and exceptional attributes of the present productions be properly evaluated.

Lovely as Miss Cornell was as Shakespeare's mature queen, she could not have alternated her with Shaw's kittenish Cleopatra. Excellent as Mr. Hardwicke was as Shaw's Julius, Shakespeare's Antony would have been beyond his range. Mr. Tearle, so right in that part, would have his troubles as Caesar, the benevolent dictator, if for no other reason than that his resemblance to FDR would bring more delight to Republicans than to Shakespeareans or historians. As for Miss Palmer, richly endowed as she is, she has yet to prove that she is equal to the tragic grandeur to which the dying Cleopatra must rise.

MISS LEIGH, as her Cleopatras make clear, is far more than a beautiful woman possessed of an electric personality. She is an actress capable of the infinite variety of the two Cleopatras. She can be the kitten to perfection, playing the earlier Shavian scenes with all the farcical lightness the text requires. Then, visibly, she can put girlhood behind her and grow into an adult and a monarch. If her young Cleopatra is unaware of her allure, it is because Miss Leigh is hoarding her passion for Shakespeare's queen, even as Mr. Olivier as Julius Caesar is saving his youth for Mark Antony. To a degree I would not have believed possible, Miss Leigh succeeds in matching the ever-changing moods and meeting the heavy demands of Shakespeare's

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heroine. In the course of the two evenings she demonstrates that she is able to be coy, frightened, impudent, cruel, lustful, imperious, comedic, and tragic in the most complete portrait of Cleopatra the theatre has known or is apt to know.

Mr. Olivier's Caesar and Antony are both distinguished. His Julius takes Shaw's script too literally and is older than he ought to be. When Caesar went to Egypt he was, after all, only in his early fifties. To Cleopatra, then sixteen, he unquestionably looked like the "old gentleman" referred to in the dialogue. Mr. Olivier, however, has made himself up so that he looks like an old gentleman even to those who are themselves in their early fifties. Although Shaw preferred to forget Caesarion, Caesar's son by Cleopatra, Caesarion would have been unknown to history had Caesar been as venerable and as tired as Mr. Olivier makes him. I, for one, can see no reason why as Julius Mr. Olivier should not carry himself more like a professional soldier, and save his slouch as a characterizing value for Antony. I also wish that, instead of subduing his voice as he does at times in both parts, Mr. Olivier would grant his Caesar and his Antony the benefit of its full resonance and strength.

But make no mistake about it. Mr. Olivier's performances are such as only a remarkable actor could give. He knows the mind and spirit of Shaw's conqueror. His Julius is as wise as his Antony is abandoned, as intellectual as the latter is physical, and both of them are men to whom authority comes naturally. Few can equal Mr. Olivier and none excel him when it comes to reading prose or poetry so that their ultimate beauty and meaning are revealed. He is a master not only of small details but of great scenes, and blessed with a gift for comedy no less marked than his gift for tragedy.

Some inadequate mention must be made of the sweep and intelligence of Michael Benthall's direction, of the serviceability of Roger Furse's settings, and the general excellence of the company the Oliviers have brought with them, with special reference to Wilfrid Hyde White as Britannus and Lepidus, Robert Helpmann as Apollodorus and Octavius, Niall MacGinnis's Rufio and Pompey, and Harold Kasket as Pothinus and Mardian.

What matters, what is exciting, what lends distinction to this season, and would to any other, is to have two such players as the Oliviers giving fine performances in stirring productions of two such notable plays.

—JOHN MASON BROWN.

SRL Goes to the Movies

EVERYBODY'S MAKING EPICS

NOW that everyone else is making De Mille-type epics—lions and love amidst the pageantry of ancient Rome—that old master has had to find new worlds to conquer. And in "The Greatest Show on Earth" (Paramount) he seems to have hit upon the perfect solution. He still has his lions and his love, but the spectacle now is supplied by the Messrs. Ringling, Barnum, and Bailey. Doubtlessly inspired by the tremendous panorama of their big top, De Mille has flung himself into not one, but half a dozen stories of circus life—two rival aerialists who think they're in love, an elephant trainer who can't believe that his fair assistant prefers the circus boss to him, a clown on the lam from the law, a couple of menaces who want to wreck the show because they've been refused the pickpocket concession on the midway. Dorothy Lamour, playing one of those iron-jawed janes who twirl by their teeth in mid-air, probably had a story too, but it disappears completely before the picture is half over. After all, Cecil B. is a director, not a juggler.

And as a director in this film he displays all of the qualities that have kept him at the top of the heap since movies wore knee-britches, qualities best summarized as "the popular touch." True, he is distressingly pompous in his narration of the documentary scenes of the circus on the move; but once the show is set up and the acts get under way, everything becomes just fine. John Murray Anderson actually did the staging for the three-ring show that fills the canvas, and Miles White designed its striking costumes, but it is De Mille who picks out what the audience will like — decides when to look at the clowns, the trapeze artists, the pretty ladies on the floats. And when to add in the reactions of the spectators in the crowd. He has one grand shot (well, maybe he didn't have to repeat it *three* times) of a little boy watching everything with a solemn face while his old man goes wild with excitement.

—From "The Greatest Show on Earth."

". . . hokum from the hand of a master."

Cecil B. himself is exactly like that father. He is obviously enraptured by all the tinseled glamour, awed by the feats of daring, impressed by the sense of danger that lurks everywhere in circus life. And all of this he has captured with his unrivaled sense of what will make good movie. Here he doesn't have to pretend an historical accuracy or assume a religious sententiousness. Here, against the background of a circus, all the faults that caused such critical mutterings about "Samson and Delilah" are converted into positive virtues. Here it's right for De Mille to be vulgar, obvious, gaudy. For what else is a circus? In this film any other approach would produce the same pretentiousness that vitiated his earlier epics.

But all the old virtues still remain, the visual excitements that always won him his crowds. "The Greatest Show" includes what is certainly the most monumental train wreck ever put on film, with lions prowling the wreckage and elephants to the rescue. The aerial episodes, in which Betty Hutton and Cornel Wilde (or reasonably exact facsimiles) challenge each other to increasingly hazardous feats of flying, build breath-taking moments. And there is a neat, typically De Mille bit when the jealous elephant trainer urges his beast to put its foot into Gloria Grahame's pretty face. It's hokum, sure—but it's hokum from the hands of a master.

In its more traditional, non-movie meaning, epic might also be applied to Dore Schary's new "Westward the Women" (M-G-M), a film that will inevitably remind the old-timers of "The Covered Wagon," a silent classic that captured much of the spirit and the struggle of America's pioneers on the trail of '49. Two years later, the land cleared, the men who had come on alone want women "to give roots to their valley," as the script puts it. "Westward the Women" details the difficulties attending the first shipment of roots, 200 women trekking from Kansas City to California on the promise of

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husbands and homes. They encounter all the traditional catastrophes—rains, floods, childbirth in a wagon during a windstorm, the hair-raising business of moving cumbersome prairie schooners down a precipitous cliff, and of course, Indians. All of this is fine, authentic stuff, and just the sort of thing that Director William Wellman knows how to make capital of. But (just as in "The Covered Wagon," incidentally) they also encounter a traditional plot, and it keeps obtruding itself whenever nature's calamities have temporarily abated. The women are led by woman-hating Robert Taylor, "the only scout who knows the country well enough to get them through." He hates especially Denise Darcel, a lady of the evening back in Chicago who has signed on for this chance at a new life. Their part of the story is all too predictable. Predictable, too, is the character of most of the characters. But predictability never matters much when the cameras are sweeping over wide, rugged landscapes or casting us into the teeth of the raging elements. At such moments we find ourselves completely caught up in the spirit of the pioneers, that venturesome surge that carried our country westward, and epic truly describes its proportions.

"Distant Drums" (Warner Brothers) also turns back into history for its story, here to 1840 and the Seminole War. No pretty moral lessons about Indians being driven out of their lands in this one. America is expanding, and that is that. Heading the expansion in "Distant Drums" is Capt. Quincy Wyatt, who, as played by Gary Cooper, would love to sit quietly on his little island on the edge of the Everglades and let the rest of the world go by. Adventures such as he encounters in the course of this vigorous narrative are simply the means to that end. There are times, however, when it seems highly dubious that even Gary Cooper can survive the obstacles author Niven Busch has contrived for him and his doughty little band. Chased into the swamps by the Seminoles, they become fair game for snakes, alligators—and Seminoles. It's a savage game of hound and hares, climaxed with a rousing underwater knife fight between Cooper and the Indian chief. All in glorious Technicolor. Raoul Walsh, an old hand at this sort of thing, manages to keep everything taut and suspenseful—albeit a bit bloody. There is, almost of necessity, a romance that serves to introduce blonde Mari Aldon and a tightly-fitted dress, but the way Walsh maneuvers it, it's little more than a breather between adventures. The score—by Alex North, of all people—skilfully heightens the general tension.

—Arthur Knight.

TV and Radio

SUNDAY COMES BUT ONCE A WEEK

BOTTLENECK is the word for broadcasting's Sabbath when the networks throw their Sunday punch. Weekdays, mother and the children are the radio-TV targets: weeknights, father has the right of way. But Sunday there's something for everyone—all day long, and discrimination should come into play.

Four fairly new Sabbath programs merit attention, two pro and two con. Around the noon hour, depending on your time zone, NBC-TV offers you "Frontiers of Faith," television's first regular religious hour, produced by the network in cooperation with the Protestant, Catholic, and Jewish faiths. These three major groups alternate in presenting cycles of several denominational services. Television services, they should be qualified; for a Jewish cycle observed was staged in the studio; and several Protestant and Catholic programs, while conducted in church or chapel and incorporating elements of the off-TV services, were obviously tailored to the demands of a half-hour video representation.

Morton Wishengrad, writing and narrating the Jewish Theological Seminary cycle, chose to communicate informally the mood and the symbols of the Jewish Sabbath. An authoritative observer noted that the studio service projected was a rather free mixture of orthodox, conservative, and reformed practices; but the programs had dignity, solemnity, and clarity. In fact, being actual documentaries, the programs might easily be the best documentaries yet produced on television.

The Protestant and Catholic services, formal in style and content, included Scriptural and responsive readings, choir music, and sermons. While the camera work was generally in excellent taste, the TV director could not resist the temptation to spot a pretty chorister; and once, it seemed, a minister responded hurriedly to an off-screen speed-up cue. Most impressive were the sermons, revealing in interesting contrast the different value stresses of the two major Christian faiths. Here is television serving well by casting the camera's eye—Sunday—on Americans at worship.

And here is radio—CBS radio—serving the church poorly with "It's Always Sunday," a new situation comedy series about a minister's "everyday life." "Here are thirty minutes of proof," said the announcer not many Sundays ago, "that the good life is not a dull life." And then followed a pallid little romantic titillation deadly in its tired assumption that there's no life but in sin.

It's Always Sunday" is written by Frank Fox and Jesse Goldstein, "who have provided laugh material for Alan Young, Joan Davis, Ed Wynn, and other top flight comedians." Accent on "have." What wonderful "material" there is in the lives of clergymen, who daily must face significant choices, sharp with the strains of our society! And CBS radio—for the only series about a man of the church on the air—gives us "It's Always Sunday." It's a sin.

TV-CBS balances this fall from grace, however, with a decided Sabbath virtue, "What in the World!"—a WCAU-TV Philadelphia origination, produced by the station with University Museum Director Froelich Rainey, of the University of Pennsylvania. Dr.

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Rainey is the program's host, and with the help of an off-screen voice that lets the viewing audience in on the game, he challenges three scholars, usually anthropologists, to identify archeological artifacts from all ages and places, historic and contemporary.

The program setting, a semi-circular platform against a backdrop suggesting the universe, is imaginative; the music used to introduce the curiosities is first-rate. Host and scholars are impressive in their accuracy, presentable, urbane, and, in the person of regular Dr. Carlton S. Coon, rather wry. If the act does not gain by continued viewing—another dimension is needed to relieve the sameness of the examination and inductive process—the program never fails to deserve adult viewing. And in the six superb moments (there are six objects on a show) when the curiosities rise to be introduced, mysteriously, out of cabalistic clouds of smoke, there is struck a note of genuine wonder nowhere else to be found in radio or TV's clod-like dance of hours.

That dance reached a mechanical nadir on a recent Sunday ABC radio item, "The Great Adventure," produced and directed by Sherman H. Dryer, with research help provided by the McGraw-Hill Publishing Company. This new series delimits its area on a theme recently promulgated by historian Allan Nevins—the achievements of science and industry in creating United States world leadership. This particular Sunday "freedom, enterprise, and the pushing forward of the frontiers of the age" were artfully embalmed by Mr. Dryer in a script dealing with the development of the typewriter. The typewriter that punched this one out was not electric.

It would be difficult to crowd into thirty minutes a bigger assortment of twenty-year-old radio stencils. The March of Time montage, the unidentified voice, the short moment-of-invention scene, the cavalcade of love and business across the years with a boss and his secretary (later wife), the comic, dramatic, portentous knife-chords, stings, and music bridges, etc.—all needed but one change to make them delightfully, satirically rather than painfully funny—the substitution of Henry Morgan as narrator for Westbrook Van Vorhees. Morgan would have adored the WAC that joined the Army to fight for her country with her typewriter.

It may be significant that there was no writer's credit given. I believe there is a guild clause which makes such credit a matter of author's choice. May all your Sundays be without "The Great Adventure."

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

Music to My Ears

"COSI" A LA ALFRED LUNT — MENOTTI'S "AMAHL" ON TV

Alfred Lunt (with Eleanor Steber)—"given his people manners as well as a manner."

IT'S A happier New Year for the reappearance in the Metropolitan repertory of Mozart's "Cosi fan tutte"—if reappearance is the right word for a work which has had barely a dozen performances in the history of the house, and none in nearly a quarter century. It's an even happier 1952 for the kind and quality of this "Cosi"—which bears the hallmark of Mozart in every silvery curve, polished to a glow by Alfred Lunt's hand as a master restorer. If Rudolf Bing can successfully install "Cosi fan tutte" in the Metropolitan repertory as he has "Fledermaus" and "Don Carlo" he will be doing almost as much for culture as the sponsorship of a new work by the latest Bessarabian genius.

Little has been left to luck in this production and even less to chance. With Lunt as an indefatigable co-craftsman with Rolf Gerard and Fritz Stiedry to shape and supervise, mold and elaborate an ensemble from the rich talents of John Brownlee, Patrice Munsel, Eleanor Steber, Blanche Thebom, Richard Tucker, and Frank Guarrera, Mozart's superb score has almost every chance to work its wiles.

We say "almost," for it takes a deal of singing to deliver Fiordiligi's "Come scoglio" with the proper note of determination or to phrase Ferrando's "Un' aura amorosa" with artless perfection or to give Despina's "Una donna" the precise shade of roguishness it contains. Steber, Tucker, and Munsel are all on the way to distinction in their parts; some portion of each was superb, but they will certainly be the better for another dozen performances. Thebom as Dorabella and Guarrera as Guglielmo have both the voices and the spirits for these roles, while blending with the others in a unity of timbres rarely heard at the Metropolitan — or elsewhere. Brownlee, of course, has been singing Alfonso with distinction for years, and still can.

Any consideration of "Cosi" must begin with the pit, for that is where the first joke is cracked, all the others echoed. Elevating the orchestral floor has given the sound a chance to soar, which it does with high credit to the anonymous personnel of strings, winds, and brass. Stiedry is perhaps more closely attuned to the sentiment in the music than to its satire, but he balanced voices and instruments well.

From here on in it is Lunt and Gerard. Together they earn every credit for intelligence in preparation by planning an action and decor which respect the style and intimacy of the music, the while recognizing the need to magnify all details to suit the dimensions of this stage and auditorium. Save for some fussy detail (mostly on the tempting figure of Munsel) Lunt has kept the mood light, the detail sharp, the postures graceful, with some ingenious visual counterpoints to Mozart's seraphic score. He has, in fact, given his people manners as well as a manner—a neat triumph in matters operatic. Around the action Gerard has provided air space and a lovely sense of Mediterranean warmth, together with costumes enchanting in detail and sum.

Despite the Italian designations noted above (for readier recognition), this is a "Cosi" not only in English, but in musically literate English and poetically appropriate English, thanks to the increasing skill of the Martins, Ruth and Thomas P., as translators. There are gratefully few Gilbertisms, and a surprising number of artful approximations to the effects for which Da Ponte and Mozart were striving in certain word-schemes and rhythms. One became quickly aware, too, that the singers—chosen, of course, because their mother tongue is English — were enunciating clearly, cleanly, and with a uniformity rare in such a venture. Let it not be forgotten that Lunt won the 1947 award of the American

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Academy of Arts and Letters for good diction, and couldn't stand for dirty work at this, of all crossroads. For making the Mozartian trinity of "Figaro," "Don Giovanni," and the "Flute" a quartet Bing deserves the thanks of all music lovers.

* * *

Thanks are also in order to the oligarchy known as NBC for lavishing the time, care, money, and talent to bring into existence Gian-Carlo Menotti's "Amahl and the Night Visitors" for a Christmas Eve premiere on TV. In the forty minutes or so of "Amahl" Menotti has affirmed some things about his talent, demonstrated others for the first time. Musically it is his most accomplished score, in the sense that it makes few false moves, follows no blind alleys, shows an almost masterful concentration on essentials.

In his treatment of the Christ Child theme—Amahl is a crippled lad who encounters the Three Kings, offers them his only possession, a crutch, and is miraculously cured thereby—Menotti has challenged the memory of such illustrious workers in the Christmas spirit as Handel, Bach, Corelli, Rimsky-Korsakov, and Humperdinck. That he did not profane, but rather sanctified the memory is the surest index to his accomplishment.

The feat of casting which produced young Chet Allen as the perfect embodiment of Amahl was no sleight of hand, rather a product of painstaking elimination. An expressive face, a fluent soprano voice, and a fourteen-year-old conviction gave to his work an actuality no art could counterfeit. The professionals of the cast could hardly match this kind of total immersion, but Rosemary Kuhlmann was excellent (if a little strident) as the mother, Andrew McKinley, Leon Lishner, and David Aiken wholly Menottian as the kings. Thomas Schippers made one consistently aware of the values in the orchestral score as Kirk Browning did in his arrangement of the action for the cameras. What one could see of Eugene Berman's decor was wholly apropos, though color TV would doubtless have helped. That, too, will come one day to "Amahl," for Menotti has added something durable to the lore of Christmas, and NBC has been rewarded with no morning-glory but a perennial.

—Irving Kolodin.

THE PERILS OF CONFORMITY

(*Continued from page 8*)

> Soviet Union. In a real sense it is taking place here at home, a wholly domestic contest. . . . We need an aware belief, a passionate faith in the professed principles we are so prone to abandon in practice.

Professor Carr makes race prejudice his chief theme; and his searching examination of the current situation is clinched by a quotation from Nehru, who complained in an address at Columbia University that the West has "too often despised the Asian and the African and still in many cases denies them not only equality of rights but even common humanity and kindliness." We Caucasians are assuredly vulnerable as long as we retain our social superciliousness. The divergence between our cherished Constitution and our day-by-day conduct does not escape the critical notice of other peoples. Not all our lip service in favor of racial equality will counteract the unhappy impression made by photographs of riots in Detroit or Atlanta. We have already lost the battle of ideas if we do not practise what we so ardently preach.

When Professor Chafee speaks of "the mental pestilence of hatred and fear which is raging through the land," he is calling attention to a phenomenon which disturbs well-meaning citizens. We cannot make much headway in unifying the world while our neighbors know that within our borders white hates black, Christian hates Jew, and employee hates employer. We cannot convert others while we condone the defamation of character for political purposes. The persecution of courageous thinkers for nonconformity is not likely to make smaller nations feel safe under our widespread wing.

NEVERTHELESS the signs are not all ominous. The mere fact that a volume of this nature can be openly published and read is testimony that freedom has not altogether disappeared. The increasing irritation and boredom with Senator McCarthy and his smear gang prove that the American people will not forever endure being gulled and bullied. Our intellectual climate is still such that public opinion has a chance to form and be felt. After all, we do have elections at which voters may express their views and newspapers to which they may write. It must astonish natives of other countries to hear what is being said openly about our Government on the floor of the Congress by our own representatives. Alan Barth has well said, "Nothing that the agents of Communism have done or can do in this country is so dangerous to the United States as what they have induced us to do to ourselves."

I agree fully with Professor Wilcox when he says in his introduction, "Our society is strong enough to withstand criticism." Our system of free enterprise, if allowed to function as its founders intended, need not resort to force for its defense. I believe, however, that we can convert others permanently only by precept and example, not by suppression—not even by military victory. One of our missions at the present crucial moment should be to show the world that our American social and political and economic order is more efficient than that of Communistic countries, that it leaves men and women happier, and offers them the maximum of hope and opportunity. There is no reason why we should not do this if we choose representatives who put country above party and think in terms of tolerance, not of hate. It is inconsistent to boast of our strength and then display our fear at the same time. Fortunately, leaders like those who have made this book are aware of the dangers and willing to speak out against them.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 447

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 447 will be found in the next issue.

VUHLVXHNVCX VE HE

LCCB HE UHXK PCKHLGE—

HXB ACQ UOSA SAGHJGD.

— LGCDLG SODNVE.

Answer to Crypt No. 446

A great city is that which has the greatest men and women.

—Walt Whitman.

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LUCKY DIP

(*Continued from page 19*)

to Autumn" (which was written, I think, in the orchard softness of Hampshire). Even the flinty pebble-ridge seemed lukewarm for sitting. The busy German Ocean surf, usually as harsh as German verbs, seemed mild and almost apologetic, less Bismarck and more Heine. Tiny trawlers, trailing easy strands of smoke, lifted their bows on the herring run toward Yarmouth. We were too idle even to speir and stoop the usual search for carnelians and amber. It was not hard to imagine, beneath this gentle sea, the crumbled and barnacled church-scape of Saxon piety. How, in our brief time, to seize and winnow the grain of this heavenly day? We looked along the shore. For miles it was empty except for three or four girls paddling a few hundred yards away. Privacy was adequate. Already twice that sunburned month we had bathed in that supposed unfriendly ocean, at Yarmouth, and near Paston of the Letters.

We spaced ourselves discreetly. The older lady, who thought it felt breezy, sat on the folder of American Express cheques. If these were swallowed up like Dunwich we would be as hard put to it as any monks of St. Edmund. The others, in the napery of their small clothes, plunged gaily into the water.

I SWAM out some way. There seemed no undertow; perhaps the foundered walls and chapels made a submarine breakwater? I listened, submerged, for the toll of bronze; groped on the bottom for pyxes or ancient collection-boxes. Wallowing and sounding beyond my depth (the bottom goes down steep) I touched something large and solid. I swam down to look. But the sweep and scour of the surf churns the fine bottom-sand to pale cloud. I could see only a dark outline, a pinnacle or even a dome, projecting from the sand. It had apparently ornamental projections, perhaps spikes or crockets. I could feel them. The legends were true! I was actually touching a spire or belfry of some drowned priory. What a discovery! What a letter to write to the *East Anglian Daily Times* (of Ipswich). American visitor discovers lost sacristy of Saxmund (or Uffa, or Eadwald, or the Venerable Bede; I never can remember the names of those Scandinavians).

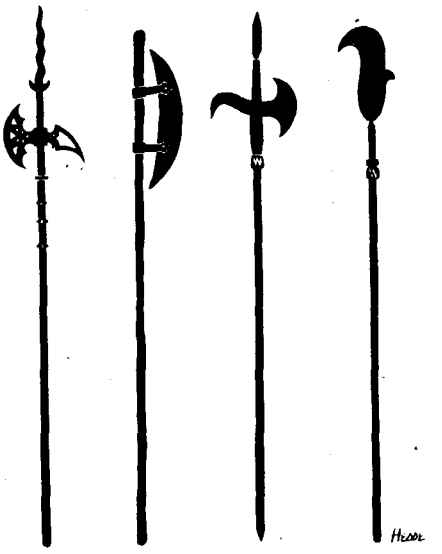
I emerged breathless, balanced tip-toe on the peak of mysterious archeology, and waved to the matron on shore. Look, Ma, I'm dancing, was the purport of my gestures.

She was naturally curious about such capers. "Is it as shallow as that?"

"I'm standing on a bell-tower," I exulted. "See if you can hear the bells."

I dived again, and in the sandy smother I tried to make out some hollow in my belfry. It seemed solid, except for knobs and horns which I fingered zealously. When I came up for air the weather did seem a little breezy. Also it was getting toward lunch, and we didn't know whether our taxi would charge by distance or by simple effusion of time. The younger pair, too far down the strand to have shared my eurekas, were already clothing. I came out and did the same.

We returned by the proper route, along the beach to where the lane climbed a gentle circuiting slope. Carrying damp underwear we discussed the great discovery. "Extraordinary," I was saying. "It might have been the absolute tip of some decorated spire.



I was actually standing on the spikes. I danced on them."

At the opening of the lane were great rolls of rusted wire that had been peeled off the beach. My eye fell on a wooden signboard, a good deal weathered but very legible. I print it not in its own large capitals, but in the lettering of this text; so you won't read it prematurely, and can get the shock I did: Very great danger. Submarine mines.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

OLD FOLKS AT HOME

Fannie Gross, of Asheville, North Carolina, asks you to identify ten famous old folks of literature by the facts presented below. Allowing five points for each character named and another five for either the story or the author, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 32.

1. Although her younger sister had eloped to Paris in her youth, this lady lived on to the end in the old family home in Bursley.
2. His fortune dissipated by his faithless daughters, he spent his old age on the third floor of a middle-class boarding house.
3. The only way the family of this old man could get him to leave his home in Oklahoma was by putting two table-spoons of soothing syrup in his coffee.
4. In her baroque palace this Peruvian noblewoman wrote letters that became famous to her beautiful daughter, who did not love her.
5. He took great pride in sitting before his cottage door telling his grandchildren of a famous victory won by the Duke of Marlborough.
6. This old lady, who was always pitying herself, kept house on a boat for the family of her deceased husband's partner.
7. Having wasted his wealth entertaining fair-weather friends, he retired to a cave in the woods, hating everybody.
8. After traveling through seven Southern states for eight years, this gray-haired Negro slave finally found his way back to his home in Tommeysville, Georgia.
9. This old doctor, who had once hobnobbed with rulers, was exiled twenty-three days journey from his native city and forbidden to take one step outside his allotted area.
10. He was welcomed back to the Maplewood Home for the Aged after a court of law had proved he was not insane.

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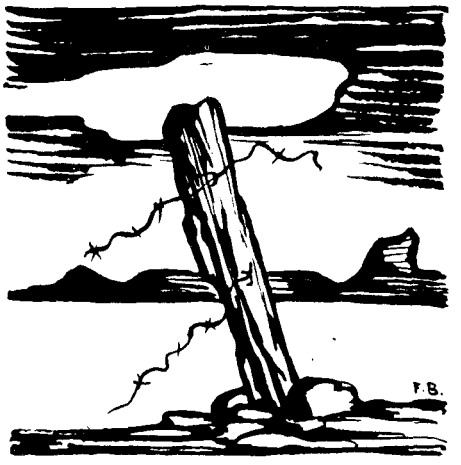
WAR

(*Continued from page 12*)

time log-books and he asks his readers "not to expect a work of literature. I simply jotted down day-by-day the impressions, the fleetingly caught incidents so sharply imprinted on my memory . . . It is precisely because they are *true,* because they were written in the flush of action, that I have made no attempt to re-touch these notes."

The result was bound to be stirring, at times engrossing, in spite of a distinct handicap under which the book labors. It is strategically a little late in the day for the appearance of precisely this kind of memoir—reportorial rather than interpretive. And it is mere objective comment—in no sense a judgment upon the value of his gallant story—that the fighter pilot saga, fairly representative of what has been recorded here, has been published more than once before. Mr. Clostermann repeats and confirms, adding his own private touches, but does not add notably to the understanding of this phase of the war.

But many men dying does not lessen the heroism of each individual who dies. The courage, the will to victory, the combat skill, and the resilience in the face of casualties and crash landings lend their inescapable excitement to this battle story. We see Mr. Clostermann and his fellow airmen going forth on bomber escort; a rare action against a ship; attacks on V-1 launching sites; air-cover on the Normandie beach-head and other such missions. He offers graphic accounts of planes shot down or exploded in mid-air; he records with an artist's vividness the emotions of horror, nausea, and sheer terror that can assail a man playing for life or death at speeds of four to five hundred miles per hour. His final parting from his plane is depicted in emotional terms



not unlike the tradition of the Arab and his horse.

If this story does not have the unique quality of the recent books relating the famous prison-camp escapes of Allied airmen, it is nonetheless part of the record. Whether popular attention favors it just now or not, it will stand in the record with the simple eloquence and honest reporting of this valiant Frenchman.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Constance Povey, in "The Old Wives' Tale," by Arnold Bennett. 2. "Pere Goriot," by Honoré de Balzac. 3. Grandpa Joad, in "The Grapes of Wrath," by John Steinbeck. 4. The Marquesa de Montemayor, in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," by Thornton Wilder. 5. Old Kaspar, in "The Battle of Blenheim," by Robert Southey. 6. Mrs. Gummidge, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens. 7. "Timon of Athens," by William Shakespeare. 8. "Eneas Africanus," by Harry Stillwell Edwards. 9. Sinuhe in "The Egyptian," by Mika Waltari. 10. Kris Kringle, in "Miracle on 34th Street," by Valentine Davies.

War Book Notes

SOVIET STAFF OFFICER. By Ivan Krylov. Translated by Edward Fitzgerald. Philosophical Library. $3.75. Captain Krylov was on one of the "information" (read "intelligence"; the translation is made by a man who may know his languages but certainly does not know military terminology) desks of the Russian Supreme War Council on May 10, 1940. It begins with the estimate of the military and political situation made at that time, followed by other and similar discussions down to August 1941. At that date Krylov was reduced to a sergeant for a minor offense and sent into the field. Promoted for gallantry, he was wounded, brought back with a commission to write for the official press, and ended up as an intelligence man once more. He is an ardent advocate of Shaposhnikov, the Soviet chief of staff in 1940, who, he says, was allowed to die by the doctors in a Moscow hospital mainly because of his opposition to the mistaken views of the politically powerful Voroshilov. Krylov is also much concerned about asserting his personal belief in democracy and freedom of opinion. The work is chiefly valuable as the picture of the wheels within wheels within wheels, the constant intrigues that go on behind the front of a monolithic state, the card parties at which a few words dropped can mean lives or wars. For that matter, it would be a good book for the security boys in Washington to read and find out how much they are really concealing. This is how the E. Phillips Oppenheim business operates in real life and at the home office.

—Fletcher Pratt.

THE SECRET ARMY. By T. Bor-Komorowski. Macmillan. $4. The heroic underground struggle that the Poles maintained throughout World War II, a struggle that culminated in the epic but ill-fated Warsaw Uprising of 1944, is already becoming a legend. This firsthand account by "General Bor," who helped to organize the Polish resistance movement after the German invasion of 1939 and commanded it in 1943 and 1944, is dedicated to "the Home Army soldiers who gave their lives for the liberty of Poland." It is a worthy and a fitting monument. For all who read it must admire the courage and resilience of these Polish patriots, must realize that Polish nationalism is a vital force, and must wish the Poles a future that will atone for the tragedies of their past. If many of them share Bor's implacable distrust of the Russians, his conviction that they were the perpetrators of the Katyn Forest massacre, and that their failure to aid the Warsaw revolt was a deliberate betrayal, then present Russo-Polish relations must rest on an ominous foundation of hidden hate.

—Geoffrey Brunn.

MORLEYANA: A Collection of Writings in Memoriam Sylvanus Griswold Morley, 1883-1948. School of American Research and the Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe. $10. Out of this group of some sixty reminiscent papers of varying length emerges a well-rounded portrait of a great authority on the peoples, cultures, and languages of ancient Central America. Some of the expressions are conventional post-mortem tributes, but others are vivid little vignettes of first-hand association, and several are full-length, important documentation.

The compilers of the volume, according to Boaz Long, director of the School of American Research of the Museum of New Mexico, who supplies the foreword, decided on the day following Morley's burial that a tribute of this nature would be of more value and permanence "than a bronze bust or a portrait," and the result is convincing proof that they were well advised. The collection has been edited by Dr. Arthur J. O. Anderson. Included among the tributes is a monument of Morley's own rearing: a bibliography of his published work from 1908 to 1949, totaling seventy-one entries.

—John T. Winterich.

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THE AMERICAN PAST

(*Continued from page 17*)

Christmas Eve 1849 sent a message to Congress advising that body to abstain from introducing legislation relating to slavery, and urging that California, and eventually New Mexico, should be admitted as states with the form of government which the residents desired, so long as this conformed with the Constitution. In his peroration, using language which was Jacksonian in its ring, he declared his intention of standing by the Union, no matter what dangers threatened it. On January 21, 1850, as the great debate on the Omnibus Bill was about to open Taylor drafted a special message reiterating his convictions. His opposition to compromise brought about a breach between him and Henry Clay.

Taylor would probably not have vetoed the Wilmot Proviso; but if he had lived he would undoubtedly have vetoed the Compromise of 1850, and it could not have been passed over his disapproval. His successor, Fillmore, was more tractable, and the patchwork Compromise went through piecemeal without too much difficulty. Mr. Hamilton thinks that if Taylor had not died the War Between the States might possibly have been averted through the positive action of the President. I have some reservations on this point, but Mr. Hamilton is entitled to his opinion, and he certainly argues with calmness and cogency.

Taylor himself, the simple and unsophisticated soldier who was precipitated into the Presidency on his military record, is both a pathetic and a tragic figure. He was not in good health; he was not very articulate; having never held a civil office, he was poorly acquainted with the responsibilities of his high position; he had difficulty with his cabinet, which was one of the least reliable in our history; he had to make momentous decisions with no very sound advisers; and he shortly found himself at odds with the most influential leaders in the Whig Party as well as with the more fanatical Southerners of his own class. Under the circumstances it is remarkable that he accomplished as much as he did. Fortunately he was honest and resolute and possessed much practical wisdom. Above all, he was devoted to the Union.

This biography is a fine specimen of thorough, systematic, and judicial scholarship. The author moves with ease through a vast accumulation of material and emerges triumphant. His book, well-documented, carefully organized, and decidedly readable, is a significant contribution to history and an interesting study of a neglected man. The perusal of the book does not, however, as the publishers suggest in their advertisements, settle our current question as to whether a general in high political office is "a good thing or a calamity for the country." That still depends on the general!

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 928)

ALFRED KAZIN:
F. SCOTT FITZGERALD
(The Man and His Work)

It was the high world of Princeton classmates and officers' training camps, the Plaza and the Ritz, . . . that was the real symbol for him. He was *not* what his threadbare fashionableness proclaimed or even what his good looks could persuade.

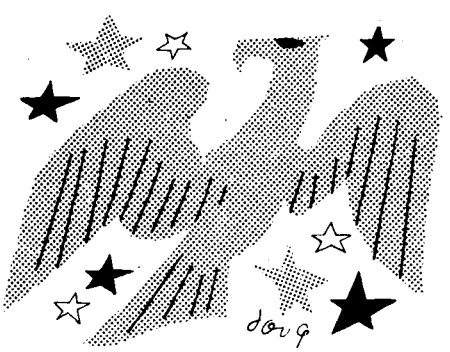
American Past Notes

THE NAVIGATION ACTS AND THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION. By Oliver M. Dickerson. University of Pennsylvania Press. $6. The notion that the British Navigation Acts were a cause of the American Revolution may not still be as current as it was in the past, but it here for the first time receives a definitive denial. The Navigation Acts never worked any real hardship upon the American colonies. The British right to regulate commerce was admitted almost always and everywhere up to the final crisis with the mother country. Moreover, the closed imperial system of the eighteenth century benefited the American economy, and this fact was recognized by American economic interests. On the other hand, the change that came about in imperial relations after mid-century is attributed directly to British customs racketeering and the new measures enacted by the British Government after 1763 which were contrary to the provisions of the old commercial system. Threatened with what they considered a violation of the former constitutional relationship, with the denial of self-government and the loss of political liberty, the Americans objected not to the Navigation Acts but to the destructive innovations which moved toward the break-up of a mutually advantageous system. It was the ministerial faction in England which attempted to whip up feeling against the colonists by confusing the issues at stake. American leaders did all they could to make it plain that they did not challenge a commercial system which in a hundred years had created a self-sufficient Empire. The Empire was to disintegrate only when trade taxation was substituted for trade protection and encouragement.

This is historical reinterpretation at its best. The thesis could not be more clearly developed. It is supported by the authority resulting from years of research in the published and unpublished materials here and in England. It is extremely readable, and important for the record. That it will not go unchallenged may be taken for granted. But it will require some great effort to refute its solid conclusions.

DRED SCOTT'S CASE. By Vincent C. Hopkins. Fordham University Press. $4. Primarily a legal study, this very thorough book traces in great detail the story of Sam, who was to be known as Dred Scott, of his various masters, his attempts to secure his freedom, of the judges who deliberated and handed down their decisions, and of Sam's final failure. Father Hopkins has gone to the sources and come up with an objective, well-written study. He offers an interesting account of the almost unlimited possibility of interpreting the laws of a nation according to the personal convictions of the justices presiding over the courts. He does not neglect the human element in the Scott case, but the focus of attention is upon the endless legal argument it involved. Repercussions of the case upon politics and public opinion are considered briefly, but probably all too briefly. On the whole there is a very definite avoidance of any broad interpreting of the larger meaning of the case in American history. Perhaps the book will stand as an authority longer on this account. Certainly its scholarship is of a high order. But after so lengthy a weighing of the evidence the reader may well feel entitled to some general remarks that might help him to estimate the impact of Dred Scott on his time. Doubtless every reader will think of his own, but it would have been useful to have had those of someone who has worked the case through so intensively.

—JOHN C. CAIRNS.



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BOOKED for TRAVEL

TUNIS ANYONE?

TUNIS.

DISPATCHING the gleaming stainless steel express across the top of North Africa is sending a fish-tail Cadillac across the tundra. The seats are comfortable, but it's a fitful ride from Constantine to Tunis, and it takes from six in the morning until nightfall to cover the 250 miles. If the stops and starts jarred our nerves and dreams, they never bothered the chef who produced a magnificent soufflé initialed with powdered sugar for each table in the diner.

We crossed the border from the French protectorate of Algeria to the French protectorate of Tunisia at Ghardimaou, a formality which required a strict scrutiny of everyone's passport and forty minutes. Algeria is a huge chunk of land both broad and deep, but Tunisia is a narrow, vertical morsel slipped in between Algeria and Tripolitania. Were you a bird possessed with a sound sense of direction and the desire to head straight north, a penchant doubtless shared by many of Tunisia's refugee citizens, you would strike in turn Sardinia, Corsica, and Genoa.

A catch-basin for dissatisfied souls who drifted westward across the Mediterranean, Tunis can count among its 350,000 citizens Arabs, Berbers, Greeks from the Greek Islands, Jews from the East, Italians from Sicily, Maltese, and even White Russians. They gather in a bubbling goulash each evening for an aperitif in the big outdoor cafes that flank the Place de la Résidence. Since Arab merchants do not work on Fridays, Jews close their shops on Saturdays, Christians observe Sundays, and some lassitudinous Tunisians are pious on all three days, shopping for the newcomer or the hurried visitor can be a trial.

One buys best at the souks in the native quarter. To visit Tunis without shopping at the souks is to pause in Rome without seeing the ruins. The souks are stalls, one after another, end on end, cramped and crowded, tunneling every which way like ancient catacombs. There are five streets of souks running along an avenue known as the Grand Souk des Chéchias where nothing is sold except the fez. Virtually all the fezzes of the world's nearly 300,000,000 Moslem population are made and sold in these five streets.

The original asking price in the souks will frequently be about double what you should pay, but one who buys without haggling fails to enter into a zestful, often witty exchange, and is, what is more, gypped. One can buy the great silver buckle and the many-hued rope belt of the Bedouin women; a *djeba*, a man's cloak, strictly Tunisian, half open at the top with kimono sleeves; hooded, heavy burnooses for the stiff North African winter; the velvet stuffed hands and stuffed fish glittering with sequins which one gives to one's friends as a symbol of friendliness.

Of all the souks in the Arab quarter of Tunis, the one I shall always remember is the stall at Number 2, Souks El Attarine et Blagdjia. It is the place of business of a strange and smiling little man known as Allala Belhadj, Chevalier de la Légion d'honneur, Parfumeur de S.A. le Bey de Tunis et de S.M. Chérifienne le Sultan du Maroc. As it may be determined, M. Belhadj is a perfumer of some renown, but he deals only in essences since he is forbidden by his religion to have any truck with alcohol. His most famous and effective scent (the former because of the latter) is a volcanic aphrodisiac called Ambré Antique. It costs sixty francs a gram, and brides are inclined to plunk a drop in the bridegroom's coffee at the wedding feast. M. Belhadj explained, and he would, I am sure, swear on a stack of Korans, that Ambré Antique is made from three ingredients: the gland of a gazelle, the sick liver of a shark, and the perspiration of a Persian cat. A particularly circumspect American lady in our party was assured by our Arab guide that one drop of this essence placed behind her ear lobe and she would be able to command from any gentleman of her choice a price far above what might otherwise be considered fair market value.

A hundred years ago the souks were also a thriving slave market where Negroes up from central Africa were put on the block and sent off by sea to the United States. A courtyard on which the slave pens opened was filled when I saw it some days ago with a team of weavers operating a loom. A big African, happy with hasheesh, lay smiling and smoking on the stone floor. From outside came the drumbeat of a Sudanese I had seen panhandling among the stalls. He wore a strange costume of the skins of jungle animals, with fur slippers, and a weird leather mask.

IT IS a morning's bus ride down to Kairouan, the Holy City of the Moslems and the burial place of Mohammed's barber. The Grand Mosque is set on a great quadrangle, and one may enter the prayer room, empty except for the dozens of columns and the straw mats on the floor. Kairouan is also famous for its rugs, and in the bazaars one is given a chair and a cup of mint tea while the rugs are displayed like gowns in a Paris couturier. On the road back to Tunis the bus shares the highway with caravans of Bedouins on their way to work the olive groves. First comes the leader, on foot, followed by a procession of

—Photo by Capt. Poul Erichsen.

". . . chunks of silver jewelry hanging on their chests."

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camels carrying tents, cooking gear, and firewood. Then come the women and children on donkeys. The ladies are done up in flaming colors, massive chunks of silver jewelry hanging on their chests, great silver pendants swinging from their ears. Children ride fore and aft of their mother, and runny-nosed infants joggle along in saddle bags slung on the donkey's flank.

Ten miles out of Tunis by the electric train that runs to the sea will bring you to Carthage, born in 814 B.C., great Mediterranean power in the fifth century B.C., home of Hannibal in the third century B.C. Now it is a collection of crumbling ruins inhabited in daylight by crumbling men and barefoot children, who lie in ambush for the tourist and then attack with a handful of Roman and Byzantine coins and relentless salemanship. American soldiers digging latrines and slit trenches opposite the Bey's summer villa during the war uncovered yards of mosaic flooring. After the GI's came the archeologists, and they, digging further, laid bare the steam baths of Antonio II, according to our guide, a bizarre Roman governor who practised nudism. Measuring 325 yards long and 100 yards wide, the baths are said to be the largest of the Roman world. Long after the GI's returned home civilian diggers came upon a swimming pool, troughs that carried the waste water into the sea, a decorated gallon jar believed to be the personal drinking crock of Antonio himself.

Some 2,833 American men and women will never leave Carthage. They are buried in the American Military Cemetery there, in the strange land they read about in history books in classrooms in Carson City and Fort Wayne. Many of the graves are unmarked because in the cold of winter natives burned the temporary crosses that marked men's graves where they fell. After all, the wood was of no value to a dead man, was it? And it is said that even today an Arab woman is occasionally found with the dog tags of a dead GI slung around her neck as jewelry.

North Africa gives you wanderlust of the mind. A place to dream is the lovely little Arab resort of Sidi Bou Said alongside Carthage. The buildings are painted white, the shutters and the grillwork are a bright blue. Artists come in the summer, and people like Barbara Hutton hide away for long months in villas there because the life is far from the lacquered salons of Europe, a world away from the antiseptic USA, and four degrees east of reality.

I went in the late afternoon in Sidi Bou Said to the tea house of Dar Zarouk and sat at the tiled tables on the terrace to watch the sun flicker out on the peninsula of La Goulette, where the French, the Italians, and the Jews bathe separately in the sea. And the Arab women bathe apart from everyone else, furtively, at seven in the morning or in the evening dusk, wearing white wrappers over their bathing suits. —HORACE SUTTON.

This is the second of two articles on North Africa. The first, on Algeria, appeared in SRL's *issue of January* 5.

TRAVELERS' TALES

TRAVELS IN AMERICA, 1816-1817. By Edouard de Montulé. Translated by Edward D. Seeber. Indiana University Press. $5. Edouard de Montulé, a Frenchman of whom little is known beyond the facts that he was a native of Le Mans and a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, visited the United States just on the edge of the Era of Good Feelings and inspected New Orleans, the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, Louisville, Wheeling, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Niagara Falls, the Finger Lakes region, Albany, the Hudson Valley, and New York. His findings are a pleasant blend of the general and the specific; he can offer an objective picture of a community's mores and then move on to a vivid account of his dog's losing fight with a "serpent à sonnette," a snake wired for sound—to wit, a diamond-backed rattler. Of this American tragedy, and of much else, he made competent if somewhat romanticized drawings, here reproduced. There has been no translation of this narrative since 1821, which was an incompetent job with much cutting, and Professor Seeber is thus able to present what amounts to a brand-new travel book, and one well worth the fashioning. "From whatever country a man may be," M. de Montulé concluded, "he is well received in this one, especially if he comes with the intention of settling down." In 1817 the melting pot was at the boil.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

THE LOVE JUNK. By Jeanne Perkins Harman. Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. Mrs. Harman is, or was at the time of the adventure which gave rise to this book, a retired journalist. She retired (from *Life* magazine) to marry an ex-Naval officer who had bought a diesel-powered barge from the Navy and proposed to live in it in the harbor of Charlotte Amalie, in the Virgin Islands. The Harmans had a great deal of trouble with the *Love Junk*, which is what, for reasons unknown, they called their marine monstrosity. It must be that they had fun getting the thing into livable and running condition, but Mrs. Harman manages to make it sound rather ghastly. Perhaps this is because, in spite of her experiences as a writer, she has not managed to make the characters or setting of her narrative come sharply into focus and take on that personality and reality which are essential to a gay account of gay adventures.

This failure is all the more remarkable because the last third of the book is much more successful. The Harmans, like all flesh, had to have an income. They decided to get it by building and operating for the tourists and divorcees who throng the Virgin Islands during the winter and spring a glass-bottomed boat. To this venture Mrs. Harman, the author, warms more appealingly than Mrs. Harman, the housewife, did to the whipping into shape of the *Love Junk*. Some of the characters who paid two dollars to ride in Harry Harman's dream boat were naturals and even Mrs. Harman's inexpertness at handling humor and gusto cannot keep them from seeming funny.

—RAYMOND HOLDEN.

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BOOKS · FOR · YOUNG · PEOPLE

LOOKING BACKWARD

LOOKING back on the books for boys and girls in 1951, we find that there were so many good stories that we had not space in which to review them all. So we have asked Merritt P. Allen to help us review more of them here, in this first issue of 1952. With the stories there is a short review of a book that deserves a much longer one. We are quite sure that in the years to come Peter Lum's "Fabulous Beasts" will be a treasured volume on the shelves of librarians and storytellers.

All New Yorkers, looking back to the Christmas season, will remember the unusually warm weather that made Florida look to its laurels and that broke on December 9, just before the Park Avenue Christmas trees were set up and while the huge Norway spruce at Rockefeller Center was being decorated with its scarlet and white ornaments. On December 11 there was in the *Herald Tribune* an editorial that should be repeated every year at Christmas time. It was called "The Message of the Trees," and it defined the feeling that we New Yorkers have for the shining trees that make our streets and parks and squares so true an expression of the spirit of Christmas. In the tensions and anxieties of today their message seemed to sink deeper than ever this year into the hearts and minds of those of us who live here and those who travel on trains and planes, buses and ocean liners to and from our island city.

—MARY GOULD DAVIS.

FABULOUS BEASTS. By Peter Lum. Illustrated by Anne Marie Jauss. New York: Pantheon. 256 *pp.* $3.75.

This is not a book for children especially. It is a book for anyone who is mature enough to appreciate its learning and its graceful, humorous style. Into its description of the fabulous beasts that were once believed in by the people of the East and West are woven the old fables and legends that are a great part of the literary inheritance of American boys and girls. Here are the dragons and the unicorn, the sly foxes of Japan and of the European countries, the mermaids and the serpents, the dramatic stories of the Stone Monkey of China and of Hunuman of India. Peter Lum is the author of that fascinating book of legend and astronomy called "The Stars in Our Heaven." In both books she happily combines research and experience with the retelling of familiar fables and legends. In doing so she gives beauty and authority to the old tales.

The format of both books has dignity and harmony. In this one Anne Marie Jauss's drawings are especially distinguished. They are based upon original designs, some of them of great antiquity.

MOON AHEAD. By Leslie Greener. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. New York: The Viking Press. 256 *pp.* $2.50.

This is one of the best of the "science-fiction" stories, and it is by an Australian. The rocket ship starts from the Australian wasteland. It tells of a race between the British Empire-American Moon Society and the agents of an unnamed country to find the radioactive materials on the moon.

By William Pène du Bois, from "Moon Ahead."

Two boys, sons of American scientists, stow away on the ship and share in the adventure. The description of Noel's journey through space outside the band of earth's gravity is dramatic and convincing. So is what the scientists find on the moon. Mr. Greener takes it for granted that the carefully prepared "moon suits" that they all wear would assure their survival and that they could get safely back to earth. The awe-inspiring effect of the dead moon and of space is particulary well described. The drawings by William Pène du Bois and his diagrams are an essential part of a very successful book.

SIZZLING PAN RANCH. By Lee Wyndham. Illustrated by Robert D. Logan. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 202 *pp.* $2.75.

Kim Hawthorne was the only one in the family who liked the idea of moving from New Jersey to a ranch in the California desert; but the rest of the family went for the sake of Dad's health. At first they found two eccentric boarders—Pete, an old prospector, and Sinbad, a camel who had been in the movies. After that they turned up considerable excitement including the discovery of a gold mine. They also learned how to live in a desert and love it, the boys because of the adventure and the others because of the beauty they found there. And it was beauty that they created, for it was their combined efforts that changed the hot sand into a happy oasis. Obviously the author loves the desert. She has stressed its best features, a bit idealistically perhaps but in a way that will please young readers.

—MERRITT P. ALLEN.

NOT WITHOUT DANGER. By Herbert Best. Illustrated by Erick Berry. New York: The Viking Press. 286 *pp.* $2.50.

Here is a story, based upon historical fact and close observation, that will interest not only the older boys and girls, but grown-ups. It is the saga of Dort Fuller, a Connecticut farm boy, who sailed against his will on a pirate ship to Jamaica in the very early days of the Revolutionary War. The voyage with its dangers and brutalities, the one gleam of light being the friendship of the huge Negro cook, is exciting enough to satisfy even the most adventurous spirit, but so well written that every detail of it seems authentic. Equally convincing is Dort's experience as an apprentice bookkeeper on a run-down plantation in the Jamaican hills. He and a young Englishman, Robert Carruthers, soon

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discover that the Scotch attorney, who acts for the absent owner of Peppertree Plantation, and his confederate, the manager, are systematically stealing half the sugar and molasses and are planning to take over the whole plantation. Humor runs all through the story. It is especially evident in the scene when the Negro cook Tiberius reappears as the leader of the Maroons, a wild mountain tribe in the interior. He and Dort compete in the art of obeah magic, and the background and dialogue here are masterly. In the end the real owner of Peppertree comes, at first in disguise, and the two criminals are exposed. Dort goes back to Connecticut to do what all young Americans were doing in those critical days—fight for the freedom of his country. One puts the book down with a clear and unforgettable impression of Dort as a character. He had his faults, but there is something about him that creates a quick sympathy and liking in the reader. This is an unusually good adventure story.

SACRAMENTO SAM. By David William Moore. Illustrated by Henry C. Pitz. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 298 pp. $2.50.

Before the brig *Annie Lynn* left Boston in October 1848 the crew had decided to "rat the ship" in San Francisco and go gold hunting in the hills. Later, when the captain objected, they politely put him in irons and kept him there until he, too, got the gold fever and joined them. Sam Endicott, the cabin boy, tells what happened after that.

The book is fairly exciting, but it suffers from a lack of development. Good possibilities are opened up but never realized. What might have been a rousing climax never makes the grade because the characters are too weak to carry the load. As usual, Henry Pitz does a nice job in illustrating the story.

—M. P. A.

THE BECKONING HILLS: A Story of the Italians in California. By Joseph H. Gage. Illustrations by Floyd Torbert. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 233 pp. $2.50.

This story in the Land of the Free Series begins in the Arno Valley in Italy in 1878. Two brothers, Diego and Carlo Maso, emigrate to America and come to a fertile valley in Northern California, where the recently started vineyards have been attacked by a vine-lice, the phylloxera. After two strenuous years earning his bare living in lumber camps Diego discovers a way to graft the blighted stock with stronger native grapes. In the end he and Carlo are Americans, well started on their career in a valley that has since become famous for its native wines. The characterization of the two boys and of the other Italian-Americans is excellent.

SEEK THE DARK GOLD: A Story of the Scots Fur Traders. By Jo Evalin Lundy. Illustrated by Edward Shenton. Philadelphia: The John C. Winston Co. 244 pp. $2.50.

This is the story of young Alan MacGregor, who in the very early years of the nineteenth century left Albany to go to the Northwest with the Pacific Fur Company, partly to seek his fortune and partly to find his brother Hugh, who had disappeared some time before. It is the story of a quest and of the rivalry between two great fur companies that were each determined to control the "dark gold" of the Northern woods. Boys will like it especially for its fine characterizations of the Indians.

ALL-OF-A-KIND FAMILY. By Sidney Taylor. Illustrations by Helen John. Chicago: Wilcox & Follett. 189 pp. $2.75.

This story won the Charles W. Follett Award for the past year. It is a vivid, often moving story of five sisters who lived in an East Side tenement house in New York a generation ago. Its great value lies in its vitality, in the happy family relationships, and in the atmosphere created by a wise mother. There are convincing word pictures, too, of the lower East Side and its people. It has humor and an unusual facility for making small things important and interesting. It is generously illustrated with drawings that create the same atmosphere as the story.

THE PASTOR'S DOG. By Jean Heavey. Illustrated by Elinore Blaisdell. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 155 pp. $2.

This is the story of a boy and a dog who had what the pastor's housekeeper, Mrs. O'Connor, called "an affinity for one another." The boy, Larry, went to the parochial school and the dog, Spot, belonged to the pastor, Father Coyle. Before many weeks had passed it became evident that Spot loved Larry fully as much as Larry loved him. Father Coyle was very fond of Spot, too, recognizing that he had an unusual intelligence and an ingratiating sense of humor. In the end there is a sad little scene when Father Coyle decides to give Spot to Larry "for keeps." The characterization of Spot is particularly good. Jean Heavey must know and love dogs. Spot's story is illustrated with black-and-white drawings.

—By Helen John from "All-of-a-Kind Family."

A PONY FOR LINDA. By C. W. Anderson. New York: The Macmillan Co. No paging. $2.

The author-artist of the "Billy and Blaze" books introduces a new character—a little girl called Linda. Linda is seven when Daisy, the pony, is given to her. As in the earlier books both text and pictures are for younger boys and girls.

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Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

ODDS AND ENDS

HERE once again are a number of miscellaneous films which didn't quite fit into the yearly schedule:

ANIMALS AND NATURE:

SQUEAK THE SQUIRREL. Designed by Lester F. Beck; produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler Films, 137 North LaBrea Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif. (10 min., color or black-and-white) Squeak, like most squirrels, is particularly quick to learn and delightful to watch. He fights with himself in a mirror, learns to reach peanuts which are beyond his grasp, and, what is most important, he profits by his errors. Children and adults both will enjoy this charming little film on animal behavior.

ANIMALS UNLIMITED. Produced by DPM, and distributed by Films of the Nations, 62 West 45th St., New York 19, N. Y. (21 min., color or black-and-white) The largest game reserve in the world, at Kruger National Park in South Africa, serves as backdrop for the film, with all kinds of wild beasts as the character actors. An inventory includes the wildbeeste, wart hog, water buck, zebra, hippo, crocodile, giraffe, lion, and elephant, of course. There is a brutal slaying of a deer by a hungry lioness, but it seems unlikely that the scene will disturb youngsters half as much as the average mystery show in the movies or TV. "Animals Unlimited" is one of the best short wild-life films currently available. My one criticism is of the narration voice, which I found far too sleek and "professional" for so charming a film. Produced by Maurice Groen; photographed by Dick Wolf.

WONDERS IN A COUNTRY STREAM. Produced and distributed by Churchill-Wexler Films, 137 North LaBrea Ave., Los Angeles 36, Calif. (10 min., color) Very much on the order of the first films of this series, which dealt with animal wonders in a back yard, this one focuses on a simple stream. It is simple, pleasant, interesting, and tasteful—which is a good deal more than can be said about most children's films. Grownups too (unless they're professional naturalists) will probably find it worth their while.

AUDUBON CAMP OF CALIFORNIA. Produced and distributed for free loan by the National Audubon Society, Photo & Film Dept., 1000 Fifth Ave., New York 28, N. Y. (12 min., color) The adult study programs of the Audubon summer camp in the Sierra Nevadas, as well as facilities for student living and recreation, are described here with pictorial simplicity. While this is essentially a promotion film, it has subsidiary educational values in nature study and conservation, and will be of interest to teachers and students not already familiar with the wide circle of interests of our Audubon societies.

THE STORY OF MENHADEN. Produced by the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service and Sun-Dial Films. Distributed by the U. S. Fish & Wildlife Service, Washington, D. C. (20 min., color) Menhaden is caught each year in larger quantities than any other fish. What is menhaden? A kind of herring usually weighing less than a pound, used increasingly in industry as an ingredient of fertilizer, poultry feed, paint, linoleum, cosmetics, and so forth. The film reviews these uses and then proceeds upon an exciting excursion showing how the fish are caught, a process which involves birds, radar, specially designed boats, and nets a quarter of a mile long. This is a competent film of its kind, and the color photography is of exceptionally high quality.

THE AMERICAN COWBOY. Produced by MPO, and available for free loan from the Motion Picture Dept., Ford Motor Company, Dearborn, Michigan. (30 min., color) This is a handsome year-round picture of life on a Western cattle ranch. From one spring to the next the cowboy's work is never done, quite as interesting in reality as it has been described in fiction. The film is enhanced by brilliant color photography and a sensitivity for the seasonal landscape and life in the great outdoors. It is somewhat marred by a rather insipid first-person narration and some not-so-funny bits of humor. But without doubt "The American Cowboy" is excellent among commercially sponsored films.

CIVIL DEFENSE:

PATTERN FOR SURVIVAL (20 min., color or black-and-white) and TARGET U.S.A. (20 min., color or black-and white). Produced and distributed,

—From "Animals Unlimited."

". . . all kinds of wild beasts as the character actors."

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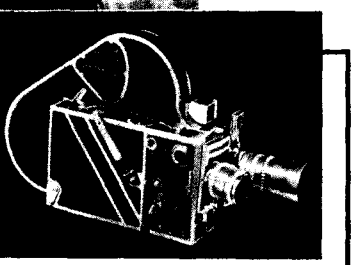

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for purchase only, by Cornell Films, 1501 Broadway, New York 18, N. Y. For rental consult nearby SRL Film Referral Libraries. "Pattern for Survival," introduced by William L. Laurence, science editor of *The New York Times*, gives factual information on atomic radiation and suggestions about personal preparation and protection against atomic attack. "Target U. S. A." is introduced by Hanson W. Baldwin, military editor of *The New York Times*, and deals with atomic defense preparations for large industrial organizations. Both films are being widely shown to the public. The major criticism that has been raised against them thus far is that they lack official sponsorship.

ATOMIC ALERT. Produced and distributed for rental and purchase by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois. (17 min.) Opening with a talk by Enrico Fermi, the film explains the effects of atomic radiation and suggests defense measures for children at home and at school. The major criticism against the film has been that it lacks official sponsorship. A shorter version has been prepared for children below high-school level.

YOU CAN BEAT THE A-BOMB. Produced by RKO Radio Pictures, and distributed for purchase only by McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West 42nd St., New York 36, N. Y. (20 min.) The film explains the effects of atomic radiation and suggests a number of defense measures for the family at home. Originally produced for showings in movie theatres, it has had wide 16 mm. circulation and has been criticized mainly for the fact that it lacks official sponsorship.

SURVIVAL UNDER ATOMIC ATTACK. Produced and distributed, for purchase only, by Castle Division of United World Films, 1445 Park Ave., New York 29, N. Y. (9 min.) This is an official U. S. Government civil defense film, approved and endorsed by the Federal Civil Defense Administration and based on a U. S. Government pamphlet of the same name. The film explains the effects of atomic radiation and gives suggestions on personal precautions for the home. My first complaint about the film is that the music is loud and somewhat alarming; in a film of this kind there is really no need to overplay the sound effects. My second complaint about the film is that it does not urge or even suggest the desirability of participating in community civilian defense activities, which is after all a most important way of insuring personal safety in crisis.

—*From "And a Voice Shall Be Heard."*
". . . for the welfare of everyone."

Other films in this series are "Civil Defense for Industry," "Fire Fighting for Householders," "What You Should Know About Biological Warfare," and shortly to be released, "The Cities Must Fight," "Emergency Action to Save Lives," "Civil Defense for Schools," "What You Should Know About Poison Gases," and "Preparing Your Home Against Atomic Attack."

AND A VOICE SHALL BE HEARD. Produced by the March of Time for the General Electric Company, Electronics Division, Electronics Park, Syracuse, New York. Available for purchase or free loan. (20 min.) Although this film limits itself to a study of city-wide communications problems in civil defense, it seems the most generally useful and successful film of the current atomic crop. What it lacks in official sponsorship it makes up in straightforwardness, sincerity, and constructiveness. Perhaps because it is concerned with a community of people, as well as with a family of individuals, it gives civil defense a positive rather than a negative connotation. Perhaps because it shows people working at tasks for the welfare of everyone, it increases a sense of protection as well as a desire to be prepared for one's own part in an emergency.

In an imaginary attack on the city of Syracuse we see how two-way radio can be utilized to direct medical, police, fire-fighting, and other units in their rescue and safety work. These scenes appeal to the emotions on a much maturer and sounder level than similar scenes in the films reviewed above. By beginning and ending the film in a typical Syracuse home a certain sense of security and strength is given which the other films tried and failed to achieve by words alone.

Jack Glenn has done a commendable job of directing "And A Voice Shall Be Heard"—and the March of Time voice of Westbrook Van Voorhees, for once, is used sparingly and pleasingly. The film is available for free loan and merits extensive showing and discussion among civil defense authorities and the public.

POSTSCRIPT: If you asked me to select my favorites among the hundred or so films that have been reviewed in these columns during the past year, I should be happy to do so. First there is "Nanook of the North" (distributed by Athena Films, 165 West 46th St., New York). Whoever you may be, it seems safe to prophesy that you'll enjoy this truly wonderful film.

For unqualified enjoyment I can also recommend "The Fable of the Peacock" (Brandon Films, 200 West 57th St., New York); "Coral Wonderland" (Australian News & Information Bureau, 634 Fifth Avenue, New York); "Caribbean" (British Information Services, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York); "Pen Point Percussion" (National Film Board of Canada, 1270 Ave. of the Americas, New York); and "Balzac" (A. F. Films, 1600 Broadway, New York).

To particularly adult audiences I would recall the comedies of Charles Chaplin (Brandon Films); James Broughton's "Loony Tom" (A. F. Films); and Strickland-Lerner's "Muscle Beach" (Brandon Films).

Outstanding among educational films were the McGraw-Hill Educational Psychology Series (McGraw-Hill Text-Films, 330 West 42nd St., New York) and the British film "Growing Girls" (distributed by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Wilmette, Illinois).

After this it gets more difficult to single out my favorites from among all those I have enjoyed: "Angry Boy" and "Steps of Age" (both distributed by the International Film Bureau, 6 North Michigan Ave., Chicago 2, Ill.); "When Should Grownups Help?" (distributed by the New York University Film Library, 26 Washington Place, New York), and so on, and so on.

There is, by the way, a newly compiled and mimeographed index to the 16mm reviews and articles published here during 1951. Copies are available from this office. Enclose 10¢ to cover mailing costs.

—CECILE STARR.

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On the Record

A Personal Choice by Edward Tatnall Canby

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THE SPOKEN WORD ON RECORDS

After almost four years of LP and millions of musical items via long playing, we are finally beginning to take advantage of the tremendous opportunities that the new combination of editable tape and LP records offers in the field of the spoken word on records. Too many educators still are back among the 78's; it's almost redundant now to suggest to them again that LP is here to stay! Here are some that have appeared this past year.

Shakespeare and Yeats

"ROMEO AND JULIET." Margaret Webster production. Le Gallienne, Dennis King, Richard Waring, etc. Atlantic LP 401 (2)

▶ Top quality, wide-range speech, ultra-intelligible (with good playing equipment). Music well managed, if rather close and dry. Good "stage" perspectives aid the imagined action.

A semi-complete "R & J" in an excellent production, well adapted to the medium and easy to follow, the acting convincing, not pretentious or over-ripe. Tchaikovsky bridges, background, are not obtrusive.

"ROMEO AND JULIET" EXCERPTS: "HAMLET" SOLILOQUIES; FIVE SONNETS (28, 29, 30, 33, 73). John Gielgud; Pamela Brown.
Decca LP DL 9504

▶ Good speech recording here too, though occasionally bit blasty. Done dead, with no room-sense; these are more strictly readings. Again, excellent sibilants make for intelligibility.

The Gielgud vibrato, his taut, nervous approach, may not wear well though ably and intelligently managed. Rather over-dramatic. Pamela Brown is conventionally eloquent.

"THE ONLY JEALOUSY OF EMER" (Yeats). Paula Bauersmith, Gerald McGonagill, John McLiam, etc. Dir., Bonnie Bird. Music by Lou Harrison.
Esoteric LP ES 506

▶ Basically good, but an insecure job of engineering; too many blastings and echoes, a constant background hum, the highs lacking (tape alignment?), speakers off-mike. (The men do a better job than the women and record more effectively.)

The great Irish mood of inspired poetic utterance falls flat here, to my ear; this is absurdly sing-song, in speech-class style, with wobbly verse choir, much throaty, half-intelligible orating. It must take the Irish to do this difficult stuff right! Nice music by Lou Harrison.

Poetry and Prose

GERTRUDE STEIN READS GERTRUDE STEIN. (1935) ("Making of Americans"; "Valentine to Sh. Anderson"; "If I Told Him"; "Matisse"; "Madame Recamier.")
Dorian LP DR-331

▶ A remarkably valuable reissue on LP of former limited 78 edition. Those who have found surprisingly that Stein set to music makes astonishingly more sense than S. on paper (as in the two V. Thomson operas) will find the musicality of her words wonderfully confirmed here! Clearly, Stein thought in sounds; the repetitions with shifting, changing emphasis, the alliterations, the rondo-like structures, all make sense as does music itself. They certainly make good sense as heard, spoken, here with GS's own persuasive interpretation. Recording is more than adequate.

SELECTIONS FROM "THE TEMPLE" (Herbert); 14 POEMS OF EMILY DICKINSON. Read by Austin Warren.
Idiom LP LQC 12957/8 (1) (809 Amherst, Ann Arbor, Mich.)

▶ An interesting if only partly effective LP. Austin Warren, professorial, is evidently an old hand at reading aloud—but not for the mike; his is the old-fashioned lecture platform technique. Sudden dramatic changes of volume for emphasis, slurring over of weak syllables and sentence ends, percussive tones—these are impossible with the mike, which must achieve its drama, punctuation, solely by pace, pitch change, the calculated pause. A good deal gets through here even so and the material is valuable.

ROBERT FROST READING HIS OWN POEMS. Two 10" LP's. (Also on 78) Nat. Council Teachers of Engl. (211 W. 68th St., Chicago 21)

▶ Good speech recording here, made by RCA. Some evidence of nervousness occasionally—but Frost has a natural mike talent and he's a superb reader; the bulk of these are thoroughly convincing.

Newly made, these replace the excellent very old 78 set. This older Frost sounds much the same, a bit more crotchety. LP allows longer poems unbroken — e.g., "Death of Hired Man."

"ILLEGITIMATE SONNETS"; "CLINICAL SONNETS." Merrill Moore reading his own poetry (with comment).
Harvard Vocarium LP (10")

▶ This man, too, has a natural "at home" feeling next to a mike and is entirely effective in getting over a presence, a transparency of communication. Excellent (tape) recording of speech.

The amusingly risqué poems take up less space than Merrill's *ad lib* and highly informal commentary on them! A significant experiment in the use of the purely LP medium—this could never be done via the old hurried 78's.

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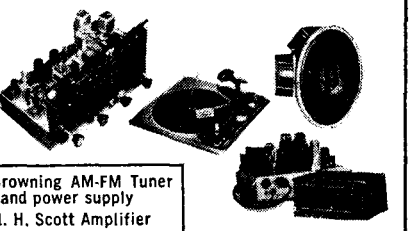

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DOUBLE-CROSTI

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

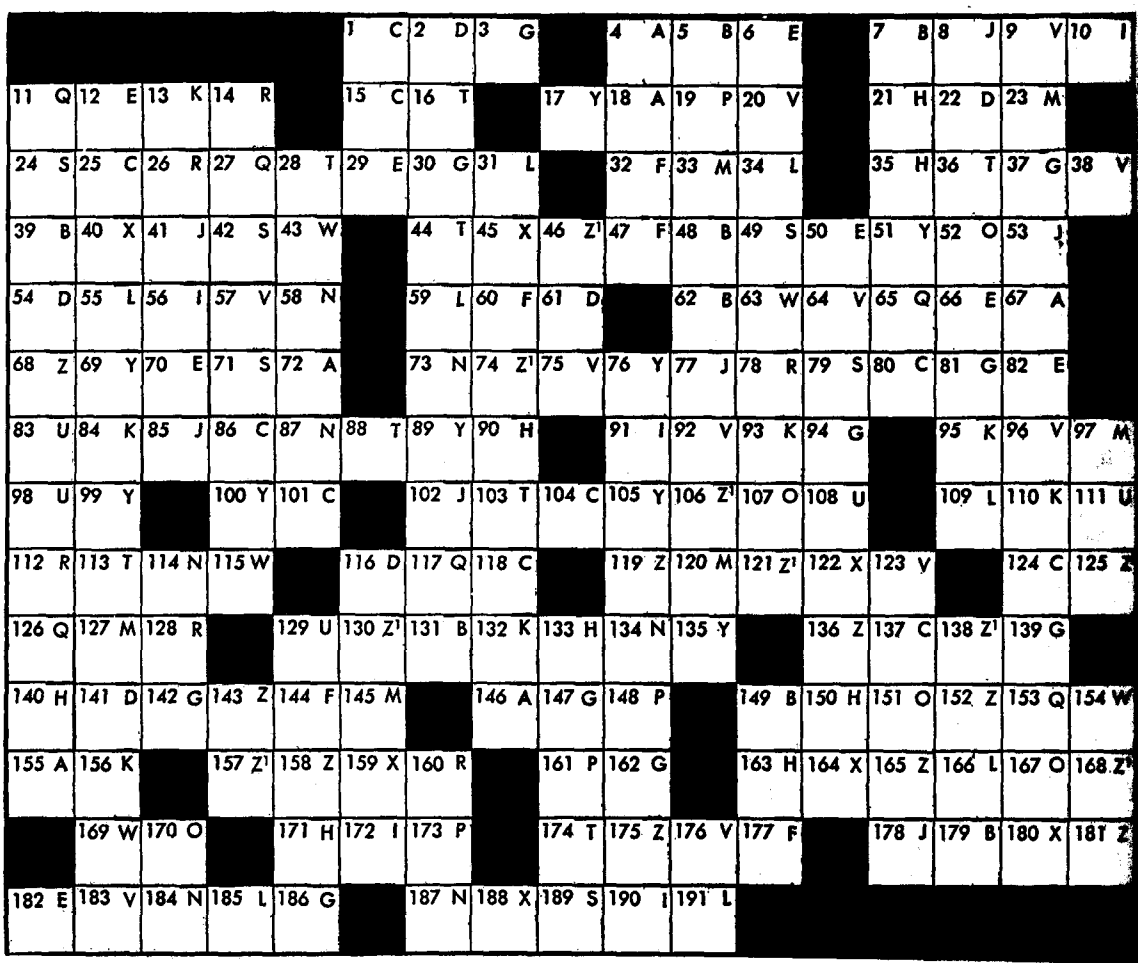
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. German anatomist and bacteriologist, esp. with Koch for discovery of typhoid bacillus named after him (1835-1926).	67 4 72 155 146 18
B. Moved briskly.	62 7 48 5 179 39 131 149
C. Barony of John Buchan, Scottish author and governor general of Canada (1875-1940).	1 124 118 80 86 101 104 137 15 25
D. Prehistoric earthwork in Georgia, on river of same name.	61 116 141 54 22 2
E. Restraining within certain limits.	82 66 12 29 50 70 182 6
F. Hebrew who led a rebellion against Moses and was destroyed (Bib.).	177 144 47 32 60
G. Daughter of King Alfred (d. about 918).	94 139 147 81 37 162 142 3 186 30
H. Box over a hole in the ice, used for the spearing of fish (2 wds.; U.S.).	140 133 90 21 171 150 163 35
I. Pertaining to certain strict Mennonites (eccles. hist.).	172 190 56 10 91
J. King of all animals (Chinese myth.).	8 85 77 41 178 102 53
K. Masked.	93 84 95 13 132 110 156
L. Mercian ealdorman, husband of Word G.	185 59 55 191 31 109 166 34
M. English-born author, actress, educator, in America and England (1762-1824; "Reuben and Rachel," 1798).	127 97 145 23 120 33

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Pertaining to a certain satellite of Russia.	134 184 114 187 58 87 73
O. A stubble field left unplowed till late autumn, used for cattle grazing.	167 52 151 170 107
P. Heroine of "The Last Days of Pompeii."	19 161 173 148
Q. Irish priest and orator, "Apostle of Temperance," even preaching in America (1790-1856).	27 65 11 117 126 153
R. Pertaining to the Gentiles not yet converted to Christianity.	128 78 160 14 26 112
S. Forcible meeting.	189 71 49 42 24 79
T. Czar of Russia at time of Revolution of 1917.	88 28 44 113 36 174 103 16
U. Afloat; adrift.	129 98 111 83 108
V. Pertaining to doctrine that processes of life are mechanically determined.	75 9 57 96 92 64 38 20 123 183 176
W. Danish national lyric poet and dramatist (1743-81).	63 169 154 43 115
X. Bantering; chaffing (slang, chiefly Brit.).	188 45 159 164 40 122 180
Y. Disclosing.	100 76 105 135 69 17 51 99 89
Z. French explorer in America (1567?-1635).	68 165 181 136 119 143 158 175 152
Z'. Maxims; adages.	106 157 125 74 46 121 138 130 168

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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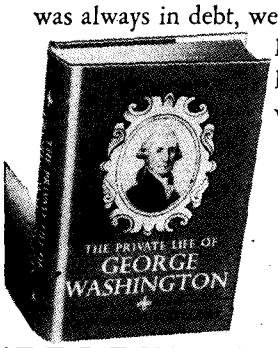

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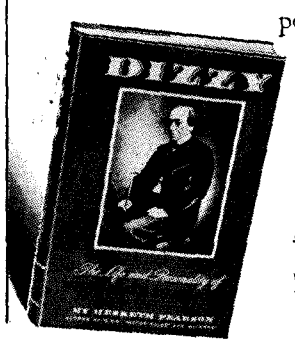

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